



# THE SECRET OF EVOLUTION

BY

ANNIE BESANT

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## **Objects of the Theosophical Society.**

1. *To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour.*
2. *To encourage the study of Comparative Religion, Philosophy, and Science.*
3. *To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in Man.*

## THE SECRET OF EVOLUTION.

Since the epoch-making book of Darwin was given to the world, the whole attitude of men's minds towards the universe of which they form a part may be said to have changed. Evolution truly had been spoken of in the West before Darwin and Wallace wrote, but most certainly it had not penetrated to any great extent into the thought of the time.

It is almost impossible to throw one's mind back into the position that was held by large numbers of thoughtful people when first the discussion on evolution began among the public; the idea that things formed a mighty chain, a chain in which each link had its place, in which no link was missing; the idea that in looking at our own race, at the animal, the vegetable, the mineral kingdoms, at the world itself, that all these were to be thought of as causally connected, as evolving one from another; that idea was one of those stupendous thoughts that change the face of mankind, that alter the whole attitude of the thinker towards his environment. Everywhere amongst educated people the idea of evolution has replaced the idea of special creation.

Not only is this true with regard to the forms of living things, but the thought has expanded to take in the moral qualities of man and his mental growth; it then has been applied to the growth of nations, it has been brought to illuminate history, to link one age with another and to trace everywhere the roots in the past to which the present causally belongs. In the hands of men like Huxley and Clifford, this idea has expanded to cover all the fields of human thought.



The noble essays of Professor Clifford, in which, from a purely agnostic standpoint, he expounded his theory of ethics, are a case in point. He drew from the past evolution of the race, from the idea of the conscience of the race gradually evolving, contributed to by each individual, made stronger and richer by each new life that came into the world, the strongest appeal to the highest instincts in man, an appeal that, as everything had come to men from the past, they should hand on to the future that which they had received, not diminished by evil thinking or evil living, but nourished by the noblest thinking and purest living. Making that appeal, clothed in language instinct with all the energy, with all the eloquence of a powerful mind and of a diamond heart, the great agnostic thinker poured all the fervour of religion into a creed which nominally was materialistic, and awakened all the higher human aspirations by this appeal to human responsibility, to human duty, and to human gratitude. No one who has read those memorable essays can say that it is necessary to believe even in the immortality of the individual consciousness, in order to possess the very essence of religion, to share the passion of enthusiasm for a vast ideal.

Looking at human evolution from that higher standpoint, then, we find that it has permeated the whole of modern thought. Special creation seems to us now an impossible, an irrational idea, we could not again look on the world as being continually repeopled by fresh creations. We could scarcely figure to ourselves the old notion of a world into which suddenly were flung by a single divine fiat a whole vast kingdom of living things. The thought would appear to us irrational, would so utterly fail to explain all that we see around us that we should cast it aside as unworthy of consideration, that we should never dream now of arguing against it at all.

But looking at the world from this evolutionary standpoint, there was a certain sadness that overspread

the minds of men. When they went far back into the beginnings of our world, when in thought they saw our globe a mass of seething molten substances, when they saw the struggle among the elements, when they watched there the survival of the fittest, the heart was not wrung, the moral sense was not outraged, in all that struggle of non-sentient life there was no pang, no suffering, no anguish accompanying the struggle. But as thought came down the ages, following the stream of evolving forms, as the evolution of the more complex from the simple was traced, the ever-increasing delicacy of structure, the ever-increasing sensitiveness of organisms, then questions arose in the mind that found not an easy answer. One creature struggling against another in every department of Nature; myriads born to a short existence for whom there was no place in the world, no possibility of full development, out of this mighty wealth of Nature's life, out of this surplusage of living creatures, a tremendous struggle arose, a struggle for life, a struggle for food. Evolution was then explained as depending on the survival of the fittest—the fittest surviving after the struggle for existence, struggle on every side continually repeated; all the weaker, the diseased, the more helpless mercilessly trampled under foot; wild creatures turning on one of their number that was weakly or diseased, the strong preying on the feeble, the cunning outwitting the simple, everywhere life growing truly more beautiful, more complex, more wondrous as the result of the ceaseless struggle; but while the intellect admired the wonder, the heart bled at the vision of the pain. And so from age to age the course of evolution is tracked; everywhere the strife, everywhere the destruction, each new jewel of higher form coming from this terribly-embittered combat, the spoils of victory ever. The poet cries out against the Nature that is "red in tooth and claw", one of our greatest Bishops has declared that looking over the field of Nature we see a battlefield of suffering and of

death. Such was the picture drawn by Science as it outlined for us evolution in its methods as well as in its results, such the picture presented to the student when he turned his thoughts in study on the evolution of the world in which he is a unit.

And against this view men strove to shelter themselves, first by denying evolution, later, by seeking in some fashion to minimise or to evade. Then as Science went on its way, still gloomier grew the picture; for when studying that long struggle in the days when one studied only this evolution of form, with all mental and moral qualities as the outcome of the physical evolution, the heart grew heavy at the price that was paid for every triumph. One would lessen the burden by glancing onward to the future where the struggle of the past and of the present were to issue in a golden reign of virtue, of happiness and peace. Tracing the human race upwards from the cave men and the drift men of the past, believing simply in that evolution which Science taught while some of us were young or middle-aged; tracing that onwards along the same line, pursuing the same methods, we dreamed of the golden age that should at last dawn upon the earth, when humanity should have risen as far above the present, as the humanity of the present is above the humanity of the cave and the drift. Further than that the mind shrank from going; further than that, towards the downward process, the mind refused to look. Science truly told us that the climbing up must be followed by a slipping down, that evolution climbed to the highest point and then descended; decay, old age, and death came in, so that the wondrous evolution story was to end at the point where it had begun—rising, step by step, out of kosmic dust of the past, it was gradually, step by step, to pass again into kosmic dust in the future.

The picture even of the upward climbing was sad and dark enough, but looked at in its entirety—with

the ultimate hopelessness of the struggle, the final uselessness of the vast evolution—it had truly a dark and despairful ending. The later investigations of Science seemed to make the problem itself more difficult to solve, seemed to leave us still more entangled when we tried to understand. So long as mental and moral qualities were regarded as the result of the evolution of form; so long as it was held that these gradually developed, passed on from parent to offspring in a continually ascending spiral, so long some case at least might be made out in which brain and heart might find a temporary rest. But when the later scientists began to tell us that these mental and moral qualities were not following the course of evolution; when they began to tell us that the evolution of virtue was in direct conflict with the evolution under kosmic law; when, working that out still more in detail, they showed us that as the organism became more and more complex it was less and less possible to trace resemblances between parents and offspring; when they went still further and told us that the higher the evolution of the mental and moral qualities the less could they be traced as handed onward to the offspring; when following on this line of thought, step by step, that triumph of the human intelligence that we call genius was declared to be inherently sterile, and unable to hand itself onward to its successors—then a darker cloud covered the picture of Nature, and the hope that the earlier evolutionists had given us was stricken from our hands.

As more and more this latter view became adopted; as more and more clearly it was seen that the whole of the physical evolution, the evolution of form, depended on a continuity of protoplasm which served as the vehicle of the evolving forms; as that became clearer and clearer, as that was verified by experiment after experiment, we gradually found that this theory lacked its most important half, and that while it was full of facts as regards the evolution of form, it left us un-

satisfied and puzzled in dealing with the evolution of life. Truly, as far as evolution of forms went, we could trace them one from another, link after link was found, and we could readily see that where a link seemed missing for a time it was rather our ignorance that failed to see, than a likelihood that the link itself was missing. But when we learned that the whole of the law of heredity, the whole of the gradual building up of forms, must be explained, if it were to be explained at all along this line of continuous material out of which the form was builded, then, naturally, we began to demand: Is there not something else evolving as well as form? That evolution of qualities that was spoken of, the evolution of consciousness of which we have heard so much, had need also of its continuum, the evolution of mind, of all that is most valuable in man, the evolution of virtue as well as intellect—where is the continued substratum in which these also may inhere? We have found a continuing substratum in which the physical characteristics might inhere, we have seen how form could evolve from form, and have traced the lines of causation; but now we need to know a deeper truth—the secret of these evolving forms, the WHY as well as the HOW of evolution. Why should forms be more complex? Why should the simple thus gradually change to the complicated? Why should we find an evolution of moral sense? Why should we find an evolution of mental powers? Where is the motive power which underlies this vast scale of being? Science has told us of an evolution of form—can it tell us of an evolution of life?

In Nature death is ever busy slaying form after form. What is the reason for that universality of death? What is the explanation of this constant shivering of forms? Why should Nature build and break her own creations? Why should Nature build an edifice and then level it to the ground again, raze it, leaving nothing behind save another form to pass through the same

succession? Death everywhere! What the explanation? Something guiding evolution! Where the clue? That is the question that men naturally demand; that the inevitable question that must rise to the mind as the evolution of form is mastered and we are told that the evolution of the higher qualities in Nature cannot be regarded as sequential, as orderly, that genius remains sporadic, a puzzle, disorderly in a world of law, coming apparently nowhence; disappearing apparently, leaving behind no trace. The human intellect cannot remain contented in the face of such a problem, it must needs demand a further answer, and question till the answer comes. On that to-day Science has nothing to answer, can explain to us nothing of the hidden, the inner side.

Sometimes philosophers have striven to answer it. John Stuart Mill, glancing at that problem of suffering and of death that seems to spring at us when we study evolution, answered it in the Essays published after his death; he thought that, looking at the facts of evolution, at the facts that Science had collected, it was necessary to admit design in Nature. But looking at that design, with its implication of a Designer, he thought that it was only possible to imagine that the Designer was either limited in power, or limited in benevolence. If power were to be ascribed to Him, then benevolence must be absent; if benevolence were to be ascribed to Him, then power must be limited. That was one suggestion that was made to solve the problem of suffering and of death.

Is there not a better answer, a fuller explanation, of the problem of evolution? Is it not possible, nay, probable, that we are looking only at one side, the outer side that strikes naturally on our eyes? We see that continual destruction of form; side by side with it (but, we are told, not causally related thereto), we see another evolution, of qualities, of virtues, of mental and of moral faculties, an ever-evolving life. If we could look at Nature's problems from the life-side

instead of from the side of form, if, taking another vision, we could glance over this world of struggle where form fights with form, where forms are ever being shattered; if we could turn aside from that charnel-house of Nature, and, using a keener vision, seek for the secret of evolution, might we not see a life that is but using the form as its instrument? Might we not see a growing life that is only employing the form for its own purposes? Might it not be that what we call death is only the breaking of an outworn form that has become a shackle instead of a helper, a prison-house instead of an instrument? Might it not be that death belongs only to the form, that where the eye sees form, the higher vision sees life; and where the eye sees death, the higher vision sees but new birth into wider and greater possibilities? Might there not be a continuity of life, as well as a continuity of protoplasm? Might there not be a continuing thread of life, as well as the continuing thread which binds form to form? And if in the life the qualities inhere, if the forms become more complex, because the life that is seeking forms to express itself is ever becoming more complex, and needs a richer form in order to express it; if, looking at the life-side, there we see joy and triumph where on the form-side we see failure and death; if out of each broken form a new life springs up triumphant, as the butterfly springs from the chrysalis, leaving its prison-house behind, if that be the other side of evolution; if that be the pendant to the picture of the evolution of form; if throughout Nature death be but birth, the breaking of the form but the setting free of the life, then all that was sad takes on the aspect of joy, and we identify ourselves with the life that is developing, and not with the forms that only break when their work is done.

Let us see if this thought may not justify itself to the intellect as the thought of the evolution of form has done. First, when we begin to study this evolution of life we see life as a germ, even as form is

germinal in the beginning, just as the scientist, tracing downward from the complex to the simple, tracing backwards the path of evolution, sees that in that simple form, a mere speck of protoplasm, there is the beginning of all the complicated forms that later will people the surface of our globe—so does the student of life see life as germinal as it appears on our globe, but in that germinal life, in that spark of the Divine Flame, there is hidden all the possibility of loftiest life-evolution, as in the speck of protoplasm are all the possibilities of the evolution of form. Protoplasm gives that by which the life, encased and limited in order that it may grow, finds its necessary basis, in order that, through it, it may receive the stimuli by which its inner powers will be brought forth into true manifestation—germinal life and germinal form.

If for a moment we study that speck of protoplasm, will not the study tell us many a lesson of the life that is animating the form? Shall we not realise, as we look at it, that it is life that is leading, and not form; life which is guiding, and not form? The function of the life, the demand of the life on form, is that which brings about the modifications of the form, and shapes it more to its desire. That creature has no organs whereby it may exercise all the functions of life as we see them exercised in higher creatures. It has no mouth, no limbs, no lungs, no circulatory system—all these are to be builded in the slow process of the evolution of form; but it needs nourishment, and it builds for itself a mouth; it desires to move, and it fashions for itself limbs; oxygen is necessary for it, and it makes for itself a breathing apparatus; everywhere life moulds form, even in the very lowest shape that we can discover. Consciousness is there, the response of the organism to its environment, the answer of the life within, the putting forth of the powers of the life; that, playing on the form, shapes it to its purposes, and whispers to us of the guiding force which is using forms for its own evolution.



And as we go onward, step by step, another thought springs out and confronts us. We have given up special creation as regards all forms, we have renounced as irrational the idea that form, perfect in all its parts, complicated in its organism, made up of countless varieties of tissues, sprang out of nowhere, at the command of a creative power. But if that be so, then when we come to deal with the far more complicated organism, the human life—can we regard that as special creation, since it shows everything in principle which we have recognised as a mark of evolution when we have been dealing with form? We find a highly evolved human being, a highly evolved conscience, a highly evolved intellect, wonderful complexity of thoughts, of feelings, and of passions; we find a being, looked at from the inner side, wondrously complex in all its parts: is that the result of a special creation which has appeared nowhere else in Nature? Is the most complicated of all things specially created with no causation behind it; nothing to explain it, coming suddenly into full exercise of function? Is that the conception that we are asked to take after we have learned to give it up in all other departments of Nature? When looking over the evolution of form we see a whole chain of forms, when we find that we can link them one to another, each connected with the other, from the highest to the lowest, the proof being in the sequential succession of forms, when we find human intelligences showing themselves forth in mental and in moral life at every grade of successive growth, when we see those human intelligences in one as a germ, then in someone else as partly evolved; then in another as further evolved, and so on, link after link, intelligence a ladder quite as much as form, in the world of evolving lives sequence, definite succession, definite as in the world of forms around us—can we, if we are reasonable beings, entirely throw over the argument which convinced us of the evolution of form? Looking at all these different

grades of intelligence as they are presented to us, shall we not see them also as a ladder of life, as we have seen a ladder of forms? Can we give up special creation in the world of forms, and cling to it in the world of life? Must not the two be accepted by the same mind, if the mind permit itself to argue in the study of life as it argued in the study of form? Unless we are able to divide our brains, as has been said, into water-tight compartments, separate entirely our methods of thinking when we are dealing with form and with life, be rational in one and irrational in the other, admit the force of argument in the one case, and deny it in the other; unless we thus trample on the intellect, it is impossible not to introduce evolution into the world of intelligence, mental and moral, and also not to seek for the continuing substratum which alone can make evolution possible.

There is yet another line of thought that we follow in tracing the evolution of intelligence, which is closely related to one of the lines of argument that we have followed in tracing the evolution of forms. Everyone knows, who has studied Science, that one of the strongest arguments for evolution lies in the fact that each new form runs through, in the early stages of its separate growth, those great typical forms through which evolution declares it has passed in the course of centuries and of millenniums. If we ask an evolutionist why he says the human body has evolved, he will give us, as one among many reasons, that if we trace it through its ante-natal state, we see it manifesting at stage after stage the characteristic marks of the kingdoms through which, in the course of millenniums, forms have evolved. But if we take the growth of the individual intelligence, we also find it in each case hastily running through the stages that lie behind it in evolution, and repeating in each new life-period the characteristic signs of the ladder up which it has climbed. Take the intelligence of the child: as we trace its manifestation through a new form, we see it

in this new small cycle of life, showing the different stages through which it has passed. So much is that the case, that some scientists have actually drawn up, stage after stage, the steps of the evolution of the individual intelligence as recalling the steps of intelligence as we may trace it in the growth of the races of mankind—a savage state, a semi-savage state, a civilised state, and so on, repeating in the new life-cycle the steps gone through in many lives in the past. Each child passes through these stages. Here again an identity of fact; how, then, may there logically be a difference of conclusion?

We follow on our thought, still letting these great principles have their full weight in our minds. And it must be remembered that when we are dealing with these far-reaching principles, they have not their greatest force when they are first seen. They grow in their persuasive power as the mind dwells on them, and absorbs them into itself. Thinking over these great principles, one after another, meditating on them, trying to see what we should expect them to bring about, and what they do bring about in Nature, we find gradually that we have reached an argument for the evolution of life, as the pendant to the evolution of form, which is overwhelming in its force, all-persuasive in its appeal to the intellect. We find, as we study it, that it more and more commends itself to us, as the only rational explanation of the varieties of intelligence, of moral growth, of the intellectual differences around us, that otherwise remain a problem insoluble, a tangle that we cannot unravel. When these thoughts have played upon the mind for a time, when they have had their full effect, then we find that they have led us by a different road to the acceptance of that fundamental thought of the evolution of life of which the reincarnation of the human soul is but one example, the adaptation of a law that works everywhere in Nature to the case of the individually evolving life. When we have realised that, evolution begins to

take an entirely different aspect ; we see that to life death is but birth ; we begin to understand that the form is not the life, but the garment of the life ; that just as we outgrow our childhood's garments and feel no regret when those garments are cast aside, but take others fitted to our more developed forms ; so in the course of our vast evolution, the forms that we wore as garments at first were child-forms fitted to the child life, the child intelligence, the child-soul, and that when they are outworn there is no reason to regret the casting of them aside. We outgrow form after form, but *we* remain ; we take up shape after shape, but *we* endure ; the forms may perish ; let them perish, for their perishing is the condition of the growth of the life, and if there were no " death," if Nature did not destroy as well as build, break into pieces as well as construct, then we should be in the position that the growing lad would be in, if his garments were of iron and he could not wear them out nor rend them ; then the life would be dwarfed in its evolution, because of the lasting of the form. The very condition of the growth of the life is the rending of the form which is no longer fitted to its needs.

What then is evolution ? It is that wondrous scheme in the mind of the Logos which He projected for the building of His worlds. How could He give His life in such a way that out of that one life infinite variety might arise ? How could He pour forth His life in such fashion that He might not simply create duplicates of Himself, mere automata answering to His will and moved by it, without will or mind of their own ? How, instead of that, could He create a universe of moving, living creatures, to whom in giving His life He imparted His own self-existence, each one to be a centre of self-existent life, to unfold from that self-existent centre, power after power, faculty after faculty, possibility after possibility, everything that marks His own sublime and perfect life ? How could such be brought into being, His co-workers, His peers at last ?

Self-moving these were to be . that would imply the evolution of will. Will in Him is mighty, compelling, all-controlling, ever moving to the highest and best, guided by a perfect wisdom and a perfect love. How could such a will be evolved in those creatures, that in the infinitudes of His own mind He projected in thought ere yet He brought them forth in form? A will like His to be free, a will like His ever to choose the best, not by external compulsion, but by the outwelling of a perfect life, how should such a will come forth in these; how should such a life reach its perfection?

The answer to that question was evolution. Life given as a germ, form given as a germ, the form to have the characteristic of change, the form to be ever breaking up and rebuilding, the form to be at first simple, and only becoming complicated as more and more demands were made upon it by the evolving germ of life within it, both continuous, both in a sense immortal—that is, that while the outer shape was not continuous, there should be the link of matter which gave continuity, then the life to play upon it and shape it, to mould it as it would, shaping it this way and that way, trying this experiment and that experiment, trying this kind of experience and that kind of experience, no limits placed upon it anywhere, save that one Law should guide—that whatever it did, the results of that doing should come back to it, that whatever it chose, that choice should be answered and should not have possibility of rejection. The one Law of causation the Logos impressed on His universe, a Law that should never be broken, because thus only could the life be educated, thus only could it be trained to uttermost perfection. What! that life might plunge into all kinds of living, that life might experiment freely, acting according to its fancies and its whims, that life might plunge about in all directions, hither and thither, with none to say it nay? Yes! that freedom was given to the life because the life

was part of His own life, and only thus the powers that were His, and that were germinal within that life, could be definitely evolved.

As it learned lessons by these continual experiments, the life bore the impress of every lesson that it learned. The world, the thought of the Logos, gave back to the evolving soul perfect response to every thrill it sent out as demand. Thus the life learned lessons of experience, thus the life garnered in itself a memory as to the results of certain lines of activity. Those lines sometimes attracted it by the allurements of gratified sensation, then repelled it by the suffering that followed on the gratification, and slowly that life learned to choose more wisely, slowly that life learned to guide itself, with knowledge and intelligence to help it, so that as the will evolved and the power of choice grew stronger, it was ever learning to determine itself to the better, because it found that the better and the happier were one. Thus the life evolved with many an experience, but not one of them that could well be lacking; for another purpose is before that life, the purpose which, in helping it onwards, the Logos Himself is fulfilling; that life is to be the helper of other lives, the teacher of younger intelligences, wise enough, strong enough, understanding enough to become in its turn a helper and a guide, to give its own light hereafter from which other lives in other universes shall evolve. For each of these germs of life is to rise to where the Logos stands to-day, to be able to be the centre of a new universe, to shed forth its own life in order that others like unto itself may come into radiant and glorious existence. But how should that be done, were any experience lacking? How should that be done, if anything remain unknown? The Logos of a universe must include all within Himself, feel with all, sympathise with all, live in all, otherwise how shall He evolve all? The lower must evolve as well as the higher, the undeveloped must evolve as well as the developed. Within the evolution that is to end in a

Logos, every experience must be passed through, every possibility of life must be known. He must love, sympathise, and live in everything; then He must have known it, otherwise it would be outside His life, outside His experience. That the Logos has passed through these in the past is the secret of His marvellous patience in the present. Because He Himself has climbed that mighty ladder, He is present at every rung of it as the Helper of the life which is His own, multiplying in the universe that He has brought into existence; and evolution is the force of His life, given to the life that He emanates, in order that it may develop. The force behind it is that perfect Will, the goal before it that perfect Being. The road is long and weary, looked at from stages in the road; the road is short and joyful, looked at from the goal, when the consciousness glances backward over the past. Where then is grief, where then is sorrow? Where the breaking heart, the eye full of tears? Those were but the experiences of the form which have enriched the life, that has within its every pain the power of sympathy, within its every sorrow a strength. The secret of evolution is to be seen in its beginning in the mind of the Logos, ending in the realisation of all that in the beginning He thought, and the two lines of evolution are clearly necessary, neither of them could exist without the other, the two lines of the evolution of form on the one side, of life on the other. The form-side tells us of sorrow and of death; the life-side tells us of expansion, of growth, of joy. Nature is not a battlefield, full of suffering and death and misery; Nature is the Heart of the Logos expanding itself in order that a universe may be, and once the secret of the Lord is known, everything becomes full of beauty, full of joy, and full of love.

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A LECTURE

BY

ANNIE BESANT.

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# PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

## A LECTURE.

**I**N all ages of the world, among all civilisations and all peoples, there has existed that ineradicable tendency of man which we find expressed in the words of a Roman, "Not all of me shall die." But that conviction is not in the ordinary sense of the word in itself a proof. It might be argued from, as found everywhere and at all times, as apparently being part of human nature; but when I use the word "proof or proofs of the existence of the soul," I do not mean to appeal to that intuition, nor to base my argument on that often expressed conviction.

I intend to try to lead you step by step along a line of thought which the materialist might begin upon, although he would lose his materialism ere advancing very far; and I want to show you that in dealing with the soul we can proceed from step to

step by clear and logical argument, so that the most reasonable and logical of people may be led gradually to admit the existence of a soul ; or, at least, we can carry them at first to this point, that the balance of argument is in favor of such an existence, and that undoubtedly something exists beyond the mind. What that something is, is to be investigated by a different method of study. And this is much, when we can take a materialist and show him that a line of thought and of experiment is open to him which will land him in a position which almost compels him to advance, places him at a point where he can hardly logically stop, and so makes at least a *prima facie* ground which he may take as a platform from which to go further, as offering a sufficiently reasonable hypothesis to encourage a still deeper investigation.

Let us for a moment consider the basis of the materialistic argument with regard to thought and brain. It is an argument that now is falling entirely out of scientific favor, but it held a very high ground in scientific favor some five and twenty years ago ; and at that time you could take up writer after writer amongst the respected scientists of the world, and you would be led by the whole tenor of their argument to conclude that, although they did not say so in so many words, thought was

really the production, the result, of matter. Professor Tyndall in that famous Belfast address, when he was dealing with matter and mind, said, as you may remember, that science would probably have entirely to recast its conceptions of matter; and that is most certainly a true prophecy. Since the Belfast address was delivered, science has changed its conception of matter. It no longer gives to it the very narrow definition that it used to give in the days, say, of the youth of many of us. We find that nowadays matter is recognized as existing under conditions that five and twenty years ago would have been regarded as excluding the word "material," or as making it inapplicable.

Now, the old argument used to run, if I may just hastily go over it—for it was very familiar to me in the earlier days of my own thinking—that thought was directly produced by the action of the gray matter of the brain; that wherever such matter was found, thought was found in connection with it; that wherever it was not found, thought was absent; and that it was even possible to trace a quantitative relation between the amount of gray matter and the power of the thought. Not only was this put in a general way, but it was worked out with extreme care. You remember the old line along which the development of thought was

traced in the growing child; how it was said that if you took a child's brain, the thought it could produce was infantile in its character; that as the brain developed into boyhood, thought grew stronger; that as the boy grew into a man, thought grew more powerful, more subtle; that as the man reached maturity the thought ripened with the growing maturity of the man; that if at any stage of that man's life the brain was injured, then the thought was changed in its character; that if the supply of blood were injured, say as by any intoxicating liquor, then thought became confused with the confused state of the brain; that if you found fever, so that the blood was in a bad condition, you had delirium affecting the thought; that if a bit of the skull-pan pressed on the brain, at once thought was entirely either changed or disappeared, whereas, when you again lifted that piece of broken bone, thought returned. As the man grew old, thought weakened. When the brain began to decay, thought entirely vanished. If one little piece of the brain was eaten away, the faculty of the mind that expressed itself through that part of the brain disappeared. And then the argument was triumphantly summed up. If thought grows and increases and ripens with the growth and the increase and the ripening of the brain, if it varies

with brain conditions, if it vanishes when the brain is seriously injured, if it grows weaker with the weakening of the brain, if as the brain decays thought power disappears, can we venture to say that when the brain falls to pieces after death, thought rises triumphant from its ruins and exists in strength and in majesty ?

And the argument was a very strong exceedingly strong to anyone who was accustomed to reason from point to point and to follow wherever the process of reasoning led. But the whole of that argument was based on induction. A conclusion can be reached by inductive logic, but there is always one difficulty in connection with any such argument. You must be sure that in any induction the whole of the facts are before you, for one fact omitted from your basis vitiates the whole of your conclusion. If one thing is left out, the whole superstructure falls ; and always the weakness of the inductive argument is the possibility of some one fact having been overlooked. Unless you are sure that you know everything in the universe of discourse, inductive logic does not lead you to a certain and final conclusion.

Now, it was by the discovery of facts, which were not included in that famous inductive argument that the whole superstructure fell to pieces.



One fact alone would have been enough, but instead of one, hundreds have come to the front. In any argument, which is based on the constant relation between two things, that constant relation must be shown to exist; and if you can get those same two things moving in an opposite direction, varying inversely, then what becomes of your argument? Now that is exactly what has happened in connection with the argument based on brain and thought and their constantly varying together. It has been found that they do not constantly vary together, and still more that they sometimes vary inversely; that is, that you may get a condition where the brain is partially paralysed, but where the thought is very much more active than when it was working in the brain.

Now, in these first steps of my argument I am not going to prove the soul, but I am going to prove that consciousness may exist apart from a physical organism; for it is that which needs to be proved first before a materialist will listen to you at all. There is no good talking about the soul as long as any person is of the opinion that thought is only the product of the brain—to use Carl Vogt's expression—as bile is the product of the liver. So long as a person holds that position, as some people do, you must shake him out of that by facts

that he will recognise before you can begin to talk about the soul ; and as every one agrees that the soul is connected with consciousness, if we can show that consciousness exists apart from that constant relation between brain and thought, we shall have made our first step out of materialism, and then we shall feel free to go further on in tracing the nature of this consciousness.

Now, speaking generally, a mass of mesmeric and hypnotic experiments put it beyond the possibility of challenge that intelligence can work when the brain is paralysed.

I prefer in dealing with this question not to take experiments which rest on the evidence of people who might be regarded as people to be challenged, because they are looked on more or less as "cranks," like Theosophists. I had rather take some good scientific man, a materialist, to begin with, because his evidence is so much more satisfactory to his fellow materialists. Always, if you can, get your opponent to prove your case ; to prove your own case out of the mouth of your opponent's witness is supposed to be a triumph, I understand, in legal procedure. I shall therefore summon into my witness box some of the doctors in Paris who are materialists—call themselves so ;

I am not calling them names—but who are utterly unable to account for the results that they have themselves obtained. Quite honestly they say that they do not put forward a theory; they simply record the facts that they have observed—a perfectly sound and proper position and a very useful one to take up.

Now, amongst their observations—for I have not time to dwell on them long—we find this: They have invented an apparatus which tests the physical condition of the beating of the heart, etc. while the patient is in the hypnotic state. They have some admirable instruments by which they can measure exactly the beating of the heart, the movement of the lungs, the contraction of the muscles, and so on. So that by means of this apparatus they can get a perfectly accurate record of the physical conditions of the person under observation, a quite necessary thing when you want to proceed slowly from step to step. The instrument that they generally use is one in which a revolving cylinder, covered with black-lead paper, is set going, with a pencil attached to some part of the patient's body, according to the nature of the observation—attached to a lever, and the lever in turn attached to the body, so that any motion in that part of the patient's body is reproduced by the pencil pressing

against the cylinder; as the cylinder revolves the pencil would draw a straight line if there were no motion, but any motion will produce a curve.

Now, suppose you had such a machine attached to your heart, you would get then a series of curves traced on this black-lead paper showing the beating of the heart, and the slightest irregularity in the heart would at once be marked in a very magnified form in the curves traced by the pencil on this cylinder. So again with any movement of the lungs. There is a definite movement of the lungs and the curve would be recognised by any doctor. So again, if you are dealing with muscular contractions. If you stretch out your arm straight, and you have a weight in the hand, there is action taking place in the muscle—vibrations—and that increases tremendously in activity as the arm is held out longer and longer, the effort increasing with the time of the extension of the muscle.

Now, all these precautions are taken in order to eliminate every possibility of fraud or cheating, so as to get an absolutely accurate physical record of the state of the patient's body; and they have thus shown that when a person is in a hypnotic trance the beating of the heart is entirely changed, and finally reaches a point so slight that although

the movement is still shown on the revolving cylinder, no instrument less delicate would show it was beating at all. The same with the lungs ; the movement of the lungs is so slight that no breath can be found coming from the lips. So also in regard to muscles. There is a distinct trace which enables them to say whether or not the man, with the outstretched arm heavily weighted, is or is not in a hypnotic state. .

Now, what is the condition of the brain when the body is like that? In the first place the blood supply is checked. The blood moves very sluggishly through the vessels of the brain and in the tiny vessels, the capillary vessels, its movement is stopped. Not only is the supply of blood in this way entirely changed in its motion, but the blood is very bad of its kind, for as it is not properly aired in travelling through the lungs, it is very much overcharged with all the products of decomposition, and you have quantities of carbonic acid. The result of that is very well known. It brings about a state of coma, a state in which no thought is possible, so far as the brain is concerned. So that we get a person who cannot think with the brain. The brain is stopped. It is placed in a state in which anyone, twenty-five years ago, would have said thought is impossible. You

have brought about a physical condition in which thought must vanish ; and so it does, so far as that physical body is concerned. The creature lies there as though he were dead ; but you are able to reach him without altering these physical conditions ; you are able to obtain from him mental results, and when a person is in that state you can show that his mental faculties are immensely stimulated, that his memory has quite changed its character ; that he can tell you incidents of his childhood which in his normal state he had entirely forgotten ; that he will sometimes speak a language which he heard as a tiny child and has since entirely forgotten, so that if it is spoken in his presence he is not able to understand it. You will find that the memory is so intensified in its immediate action, leaving the past out of sight, that if you take up a Greek book and the man is ignorant of Greek, and you read over a page from that book, he will repeat it word for word without a blunder. Wake him up and he cannot say it, cannot pronounce a single syllable. Throw him back into the hypnotic state, and he will repeat it over again and again. Not only have you thus a very different kind of memory, but you also can obtain a far higher grade of intelligence. A person who is stupid in his waking consciousness is often

clever when he is under hypnotic control ; not, that he reproduces the thought of the hypnotiser, as indeed he will do if he is made to, but he will dwell on things where the hypnotiser is thinking on other lines, and will argue with him. Cases are on record where a man abnormally stupid has shown acuteness in his argument when he is in a state in which the brain cannot work. And so over and over again you get placed on record these observations of abnormal knowledge, manifested when the brain is rendered incapable of sane and healthy thought.

The next thing that you remark in dealing with such a person is that you can entirely deceive the senses, and make them give reports which are entirely erroneous ; that you can make him see what is not visible, and you can equally easily make him not see what is visible ; that, for instance you could make yourself invisible, and if you like you can leave yourself tangible but invisible, so that he may walk right up against you as though you were not there and start, when coming against you, he finds an obstacle that he cannot see. So you can alter the sense of hearing ; you can make him hear or not hear, as you please. So you can, if you like, destroy the sense of touch so that he shall not feel, or you can do the opposite and you can make him

feel a solid body by simply stating that it lies between his hands. You can make him smell a sweet odor when you present to him some repulsive article. You can play with the senses as you can stimulate the mind. You can prove still more than this by taking an ordinary person and thus hypnotising him.

I now pass from the Paris hospitals to statements made by doctors in care of the insane asylums. If you take an ordinary lunatic and throw him into the hypnotic state, you can obtain from him in some cases intelligence and reasoning power. The moment he is out of that condition he is again a lunatic, but under hypnotism he becomes an intelligent thinker.

Now, these things are done over and over again, Suppose you prove that instead of thought varying with the state of the brain it varies against it ; that when the brain is in a state of coma, thought is exceptionally active ; that when the brain is paralysed, memory is exceptionally acute and brings back events that are long forgotten ; what is the inevitable inference ? That although thought may continually be expressed through the brain, it is also possible to express it without the brain ; that although it is true that many events remain in the normal memory and others are forgotten, those



time to the state of the consciousness which is outside the waking. Why, some years ago, if people had studied dreams, they would have been thought as foolish as Theosophists are thought now; but to-day the study of dreams is highly scientific. You need not be the least afraid of losing your character as sane and rational people by the study of dreams. On the contrary, you will only be advanced people, going along the lines of the most advanced science, rather, in fact, beyond your neighbors than below them in intelligence; and this has been the result of finding out how much is to be learned by studies of the dream state; and that is our next step.

Now, there have been certain very interesting physiological measurements made, and if science is good at anything it is good at measuring. It is extraordinary the way modern science measures, the accuracy, the delicacy of it, the way in which by its balances it will weigh, I am afraid to say how tiny a fraction of a grain; and there is nothing in which science has made more remarkable advance than in the exquisite delicacy of its instruments whereby it measures what would seem immeasurably minute results. And another thing that is admirable is the wonderful patience of these scientific investigators. Clifford once spoke of the sublime patience

of the investigator ; and the term is not misapplied. Their patience really is sublime. They will do the same minute experiment over a hundred, or two or three hundred times in order to be sure that they are right ; and I hold that to be a most admirable quality, both mentally and morally; morally, because it implies that love of the truth which will take unending pains before it will make an assertion or accept the record of a fact; and I say this all the more strongly because it is sometimes thought that Theosophy is against science. That is not so. We give the fullest admiration and homage to the patience and the care, the reverence for truth, shown by the modern scientific men. All we object to is when they make inferences too hastily, and then assert their inferences as definitely as they assert their facts. Then we get rather into quarrels sometimes with them, because we cannot take all the inferences they make, knowing as we do that the inferences are based on incomplete knowledge of the facts.

Now, one of the things that science has been measuring is the rate of the nervous wave in the physical organisation—how long it takes for a wave to pass along nervous matter, to be transmitted from cells to cells—a fairly difficult thing to observe, I mean with the accuracy with which it

forgotten events are not really forgotten ; they remain in consciousness, although out of sight ; they can be brought up by consciousness, although normally they have vanished. So that you are led inevitably by these observations that can be repeated indefinitely, to realise that human consciousness is something more than is expressed through the physical brain.

I am not going to press the argument one bit beyond that, for the moment, but you do prove to demonstration that there is more consciousness in a man than comes out in his waking moments when the brain is in its normal state of activity ; that he has a consciousness wider than the waking ; that under abnormal conditions this consciousness emerges ; that it contains the record of events that the waking consciousness has forgotten ; that it is able to exercise powers keener and subtler than the powers of the waking consciousness. So that you finally come to the conclusion that whatever human consciousness may be—and on that at present we will not dogmatise—that whatever human consciousness may be, it is something more than that which we know in our healthy waking moments, and that there is more of us than is expressed through the brain, that we are able to produce more in consciousness than our brain allows

us to express ; and so we arrive at the rather startling conclusion that the brain is a limitation placed on our consciousness ; a partial instrument, instead of the producer, of thought.

That is, we have entirely reversed the materialistic position. Instead of the brain producing thought thought expresses itself partially through the brain. As much of it as can get through comes through, and the rest remains for the time unexpressed but not non-existent. This is so much recognised now that all these French schools will divide consciousness, and tell you about the waking consciousness and the dream consciousness, that which is called the subliminal consciousness, there are all sorts of wonderful terms, that I sometimes think do more to cover ignorance than to express knowledge, and we constantly find the most wonderfully complicated expressions which are intended to convey the idea that I have put into rather rough phrase, that there is more of us in consciousness than comes through the brain.

Now, all these discoveries have very much intensified scientific investigation along the lines of this consciousness which does not work in the physical brain ; and you have men like James Sully, men like Sidgwick, that are leading English writers on psychology, giving a very large part of their

has been done ; but some of our German friends, especially, who are nothing if they are not accurate, have gone very carefully into these measurements. They have found out the fraction of a second which it takes for a wave or vibration in nervous matter to occur, so that they are able to tell us exactly just how long it takes for such a wave of nervous motion to travel, and that means how many such waves can occur in any given track of nerve within a second of time. They can tell how many such vibrations can be received in a second. Let us suppose for the moment—for the number does not matter for our purpose—let us suppose that they found that nervous matter could receive a hundred vibrations per second. You know that the nervous matter of the eye, for instance, if it receives vibrations within less than one tenth of a second, yields a continuous impression. If your impressions come at more than that rate you get then a continuous line. If you get an impression separated from others by more than one tenth of a second, you see that impression by itself. Now apply that to the states of consciousness of the later investigations, and you find that a certain number of impressions can be made on the nerve, representing states of consciousness, or succession of thoughts. Let us suppose that a hundred of these can take

place in one second. Now go to sleep and dream, and within one second of physical time you may have thoughts experienced by the intelligence at the comparative rate of four or fivethousand or more in the second. You may live in the dream consciousness through a year, and every event may be there ; you may go through them one after another ; day after day, and night after night, you may experience successive events, you may live through troubles and joys ; all these intellectual results may be experienced, and when you are awaked one second of physical time only has passed, and yet you have gone through states of consciousness that the nervous system would demand a year to accomplish. Nevertheless you have thought ; those states of consciousness have existed ; you are able to recall them, and they have gone at this immense rate ; your intelligence has been working at a hundred times the normal rate. What does that mean ? It means that it has been working in a finer kind of matter. The finer the matter, the more rapid the vibrations ; the finer the matter, the more vibrations can you get in that second. If you are dealing with ordinary nervous matter it moves comparatively slowly. If you are dealing with ether it moves at a tremendous rate ; and if you are dealing with matter finer than ether, then inferentially the

rate would be increased proportionately to the fineness of the matter in which the vibrations were set up.

If then, you are able to think at a rate beyond your power of thinking in the brain, it means that your intelligence is functioning in something finer than the brain. I do not want to press it one bit further than it goes, but it does prove to demonstration that your intelligence is working in a medium finer than nervous matter. Whatever that medium is, it is very different from the nervous matter of the brain. It may be super-ethereal, as a matter of fact it is, but we are content to take up the position, that, whatever it is, it vibrates hundreds of times faster than any nervous matter can vibrate, and therefore the intelligence has some form of expression which is not an expression by the brain. This is the point to which you are led by an argument in which no flaw can be picked. It is the first time that science has given an argument, clear and definite and impregnable, which proves beyond possibility of challenge that intelligence in man does work at a rate which the brain is unable to satisfy, and therefore whatever intelligence is and does, the medium in which it is able to function is something other than brain.

Well, so far we have gone on ground that no

materialist can deny. Our next step is to show that this intelligence which is not dependent on the brain, which is able to work without it, which works better without it than it does with it, more swiftly without it than it does with it, more keenly and acutely without it than it does with it—to show that that intelligence survives death. And see how carefully we are going step by step. We are not hurrying in any way ; we are not rushing over it ; we are only taking the next very quiet little step. We have intelligence working without the brain while the brain is still, as you may say, in touch with that intelligence possibly ; and now we are going to kill our physical brain altogether, and see whether the intelligence that functioned in it during physical life can be found functioning without it after physical death. And here, of course, people who believe in immortality have put themselves at a great disadvantage with the logical materialist, by making the life of the soul to begin at birth ; because it is obvious that if the soul cannot manifest at birth without a body, then it seems as though it were likely that it could not get on without a body, and so death would very much paralyse its action. That is due to a lack of philosophy which has been allowed to weaken much of our religious thought ; and the giving up of the



reasonable philosophy of reincarnation, or pre-existence of the soul, has struck the most deadly blow at all belief in the soul's immortality. Making it dependent on the body for its manifestation, we imply its dependence on the body for its further persistence. However, leaving that point out, because it need not necessarily come into our argument, we shall get the next definite proof from the experiments of our spiritualistic brethren, or of such men as Professor Crookes, who, although he has always refused to exactly identify himself with the spiritualistic body, has yet convinced himself by his own careful experiments of the truth of many of their assertions. He is a very cautious man, and he does not use the word "spirit;" but he does show that intelligent entities, after they have been living in a physical body, do again function out of that body. Of course it is not necessary that the body should have perished by death, but in most of these cases, as a matter of fact, it has. If any of you will take the trouble to turn to Prof. Crookes' investigations, in which he had the medium and what is called a materialisation—materialised soul, it is called, but that is a very silly expression—a materialised form present under his eyes at the same time, and read them carefully, you will be obliged to admit that there is evidence

there worthy of further consideration. Of course if you have not read anything of the kind nor looked into it yourself, you will probably deny the possibility off-hand, because that is one characteristic of people that the less they know about a thing the more emphatically do they deny it. It is a great advantage to know nothing when you want to be what an English school-boy would call "cock-sure." I don't know whether you have the phrase over here, but it is an ordinary bit of school-boy's slang, and it always goes hand in hand with ignorance ; but I never find it in the scientific man. He is always cautious. He says : " Well, I don't believe it ; I don't think your evidence is enough. " He won't deny it ; whereas the ignorant person will deny with a vigor proportioned to the depth of his ignorance. Now I am supposing that somebody is willing to read ; does not think he knows everything in nature ; does not believe that everything within the universe is within the limit of his knowledge. If a person has reached that not very advanced position, he may condescend to look into the evidence afforded by a man like Crookes. He has, for investigating materialisations, invented a convenient little lamp which lights as soon as it is opened. The reason why he used that particular kind of light was that it is

very difficult to produce a materialisation under the light-waves coming either from gas, or electric light. It is far easier to produce it in the dark. Now, of course, many people begin to laugh the moment that is said ; they say : " Oh, yes, because it is fraudulent." That is not so ; an electrician cannot produce an electric spark from his machine in a very damp atmosphere ; and if you said : " Oh, that is only because you want to commit fraud," he would laugh at you. So it is true that there are certain combinations of matter which do not hold together under the vibrations of ether set up by certain kinds of light. That is all the reason. It is merely that certain wave motions break up these aggregations of ethereal matter.

Now Crookes, being a chemist and an electrician, was too much instructed to take it for granted that the only reason why darkness was demanded was fraud. He thought there might be some other reason, and he invented a particular kind of lamp—some preparation of phosphorus it was—that the materialisation might take place in the dark, and that then by just opening the door of his lamp, the air would touch the preparation of phosphorus, and it would burn up and give light, so that all in the room would be clearly visible. He did this, and under these conditions he was able to see the

medium lying on the sofa and touch the medium with one hand, the medium being dressed in black, while in front of him within his reach, and he allowed to touch it, there stood the materialised form in white ; so that he had the two under his eyes at the same time ; no curtains or dark cupboards or anything else, but the two there in full sight at the same time, and he was allowed to handle both of them together.

Now, that is evidence good enough for any reasonable person, if you can trust the accuracy and the honesty of the investigator ; and I venture to say William Crookes' name is beyond all challenge for honesty, and beyond all challenge for accuracy of observation amongst scientific people, who know the kind of experiments that he has made.

Well, in addition to a number of experiments like that, he weighed some of these forms, and he made other machines which enabled him to test the force that could be exercised without any visible force being used, and so on ; so that he was able to show definitely an intelligent entity able to recall the events of the past life, holding long conversations with him after death had been passed through.

And that experience—not always with such

care, to make it scientifically certain—has been repeated over and over again by thousands of spiritualists. It is foolish to deny these facts. They are on record, and if you choose may be re-verified if you are doubtful. Fraudulent occurrences have also taken place, but to deny all materialisations because of these is as though you were to deny that there is any such thing as good money, because coiners circulate false coin. Such events do occur, and anyone who goes into it knows that they occur ; and I say that although I do not approve of that line of investigation, although I think it dangerous and mischievous, none the less, if the person be a materialist and has been led up to the point that we reach by the study of hypnotism and by the study of dreams, he may very well then clinch, as it were, his growing convictions by getting, or much better, by himself trying some experiments along these lines. He need not go to a medium, as three or four people of the same family, sitting together, will very easily be able to convince themselves that intelligence does exist and function on the other side of death. That very simple fact can be proved over and over again, and it is not necessary to go to any professional medium; any three or four of you, who know each other as honorable men and women, may, if

you choose, prove it for yourselves. I do not advise you to do this unless you are materialists. If you are, it is worth the risk for the certainty. If you are not, if already you believe in the existence of the soul, then you won't gain very much as to the nature of its existence in that way; and it is foolish to run into danger where there is no equivalent gain. But none the less we are led up here, step after step, to the existence of intelligent entities whom we knew in the body and may know out of the body.

Another line of investigation here, unaccompanied by danger, is based on the fact that the soul of a person connected with a living body can pass out of that body by training, and assert itself independently of the body, both as regards itself, and, if it choose, as regards others.

Now, I am going a step outside the line which science would recognise or which can be verified easily by anyone. I am going now into the more difficult experiments in regard to the existence of the soul. These that I have dealt with hitherto, anybody can repeat. They are the *abc* of the study. If you are materialists, begin with these, and when you have gone through them you will have convinced yourself that a living intelligence can function without the assistance of the brain in

or out of the physical body. You will have gone so far, and when you have reached that, you may be willing to take the trouble necessary for the more difficult experiments that follow, those which alone prove the existence of the soul, though the others prove the existence of intelligence outside the physical organism.

I am now going further. I mean by the soul a living, self-conscious intelligence, showing forth mental attributes at will, and able to show forth attributes higher than mental as it grows, develops and asserts itself on higher planes than the physical and the astral. As I say, the experiments now are very difficult and training is wanted. The beginning of training along this line of work, which leads us really into what is called the practice of Yoga, is first to use your mind to control your body and your senses, so as to convince yourself that the mind is something higher than the body, more powerful than the senses. Set yourself to work to check some expression of the senses to which you habitually have yielded; cease taking some article of food that is very attractive; drop some form of drink that is very pleasurable and stimulating; leave off some form of physical pleasure to which you are particularly addicted. I do not mean give it up altogether, but give it up for a time, to show

that there is something in you, to prove to yourself beyond possibility of dispute, that there is something in you that can control all that part of your nature which you call the senses or the bodily expression. Make yourself do a thing against the desire of the senses, and choose a time when the sense is rampant, when it is longing for that particular gratification, eager to have it, when the thing is right in front of you, and you are just putting out your hand to grasp it. Stop and say : "I am stronger than you; you shall not gratify that desire." The only use of the experiment is that it convinces you, as nothing else does, that you are not your senses, and not your body; that you are something higher—let us say for the moment, the mind, and that you can control this body and these senses that very often run away with you. I do not mean that you can always control them; you cannot until you practice; there will be times when the senses, like unbroken horses, will, as it were, take the bit in their teeth and run away with the mind and everything else, and you plunge right after them; they carry you off, but you know even then that they are carrying you off, and you feel that they are stronger than you, and are having their way. In a sort of upside down fashion, even then you will distinguish between yourself



and the wild headlong influences and impulses that hold you captive for the time.

Now, that is a very elementary experiment, but you had better do it so as to be sure there is something in you stronger than the senses. "Oh," you say, "yes, that is the mind. Of course I know my thoughts are above the senses ; of course I know that my mind can control my body." All right, keep on doing it, and practise until the body is no obstacle at all ; until you can starve all day long and be perfectly good-tempered, even to the last moment ; until you can be very tired and exhausted by physical labor and be as bright and even-tempered and sweet-natured to a troublesome child as if you were as fresh as possible. That is what is meant by controlling the body. Keep on practising until you can do it. It is not much. Keep on doing it until you realise that your body is only your servant, or slave, acting or not acting as you like, and feel the sense of shame when the body is able to make you do what the mind condemns ; feel that to do that is to be less than man, less than really human. Dogs snap when they are hungry or angry ; human beings ought to be able to be self-controlled ; and it is not much to ask that the man shall have control, which only means, after all, that his mind is the master

of his body.

So far, then, we shall all agree. Let us suppose that you are now ready to take the next step. That mind of yours is a troublesome thing, after all. It is able to control the body; it is able to control the senses. Is it able to control itself? You find it runs all over the place. You take up a very difficult book and you want to master that book. A good deal depends on your mastering it. Perhaps you are going to pass an examination. Unless you can master that book in the night-time you will fail and that will throw you back in your career; and you sit down and work at it; your mind wanders; when you want to concentrate on some mathematical problem, you are thinking, you find, of something quite different; your mind goes off and you have to bring it back; and this happens over and over again, and you put your book down and you say: "Oh, I am not in the humor; I cannot do it." What sort of a mind is that? It won't work when it is wanted, and it can't do what is its special business, because it is not in the humor. And then you begin to say: "Why shouldn't I control the mind?" And in that very phrase you are asserting something that is higher than the mind—I. "I mean that this mind shall do what I want it to do, and to be fixed on that book." You

concentrate your attention ; you gather up something which is strong in you, and you fix the mind on that subject and you work at it. What is it that has done it ? It can't be the mind that has done it, which has been running all over the place. It is something that is there which is able to master the mind, and train it to that point where it is wanted to work. Then you feel : " That is the thing I am going to look for now. I have found that the mind is above the senses—I know that ; but here is something which is above the mind, and I must go in search of that. Perhaps that is the soul. This force that I feel, which masters my vagrant mind, this strength that I find within myself, which groups my wandering thoughts and compels their obedience, what is that ? That seems to be myself. I am controlling my mind." When that point is reached, and when the habit has been made of the mind being fixed on a thing at order, there will have grown up a very definite consciousness of a something which is behind that mind and masters it, as the mind did the senses, and then the student may think it worth while to take steps to find out what that something is, and then generally he will have to ask somebody who has gone a little further in this than he has : " What is the next step that I ought to take ? I

find something here that is higher than, more than, the mind. How am I to find out what it is?" And in some book that he reads, or by some one whom he meets who can explain it to him, he learns that there exist certain practices, definite practices—what is called meditation—and by following out those you can develop that consciousness which is higher than the mind.

When a person has reached this point, if no other person comes in his way, you may be sure that he will find a book; he will take up the book in the public library and read it; or some friend will say: "Have you seen that book?" and will introduce the book to him. Somehow or other the book will come in his way. Why? Because there are always more advanced souls watching to see when any evolving soul reaches the point where it can take help, where it is ready for further help; and if there is not available someone in the physical body who can give the help that that soul wants, then it will be directed to the finding of the book where the practical teaching will be given. It is the action of the helpers of men, who come with a helping hand to that seeking soul and place within its reach the knowledge that is the next step in its experiments, and rules for meditation will be

found, studied and practised, and when those rules are studied and practised what happens is this : That with each day's meditation, the consciousness beyond the mind grows stronger and stronger, more and more able to assert itself, more and more, as it were, revealing itself, until presently the whole centre of consciousness will be shifted upwards, and the man will realise that he is not at all his mind, but a great deal more than the mind, and he will then begin to sense things that the mind cannot sense, become conscious of thoughts that the mind is unable to appreciate ; and now and then there will come down a great rush, as it were, of thoughts that dominate the mind and that the mind is unable to explain, although it realises them as true when once they are presented to it. And then arises the question : " I did not argue myself up to this ; I did not reach it by logic ; I did not reach it by argument ; I did not reach it by thinking. It came to me suddenly. Whence did it come ? " And the consciousness arises slowly : " It came from myself ; that higher part of myself which is beyond the mind, and which in the quiet of the mind is able to assert itself." For as has often been said, just as a lake unruffled by the wind will reflect sun, or mountain, or flowers, but ruffled gives only broken images ; so when the mind is quiet the higher thought is

reflected in the lake of the mind, but as long as the winds of thought blow over it, it is ruffled, and only broken images are seen.

In the quiet of the mind, then, the higher thought asserts itself.

Then comes another stage, a higher stage. The student tries more and more to identify himself with the higher thought; gropes after it, as it were; tries to feel it as himself; concentrates his efforts and keeps the mind absolutely still; and at some moment of that experience, without warning, without effort, without anything in which the lower mind takes part, suddenly the consciousness will be outside the body, and the man will know himself as the living consciousness looking at the body that he has left. Over and over again in different Scriptures this statement is found. You may read, for instance, in one of the Hindu Scriptures, that a man should be able to separate the soul from the body as you may separate grass from the sheath that enfolds it. Or, in another phrase, that when the man has dominated the mind, he rises out of the body in a brilliant body of light—a statement literally true. The body in which the soul arises is luminous, radiant, glorious exceedingly—a body of light. No words could better explain this appearance, no phrase more graphi-

cally describe the man rising out of the physical body in the astral or in some higher body.

I quote that ancient Scripture in order that you may not for a moment imagine this is simply a modern investigation. All those who know the soul have passed through that experience. It is the final proof that the man is a living soul ; not argument, not reasoning, not inference, not authority, not faith, not hearsay, but—knowledge. I am this living consciousness, and that body I have left is only a garment that I wore. It is not I ; it is not myself. That is not I, I am here ; that I have thrown off ; I have escaped from it ; I am free from it. And that experience mentioned in those ancient Scriptures is mentioned in other Scriptures, too ; it is the invariable experience of the prophet, and the teacher, and the seer, for none can truly teach the things of the soul, except by his own knowledge. So long as he is only repeating what intellectually he has learned, he may do a most useful work, but he has not that stamp of first-hand knowledge which carries conviction with it to those whom he teaches. Second-hand knowledge is always liable to be challenged. Questions may be asked which it is almost impossible to answer, if you are only repeating what you have learned intellectually. A necessary stage. I am not speaking against it.

All go through it who reach the other. But if the world is still to have witnesses of the immortality of the soul ; if the world of the nineteenth century is to have what the world has had in all other ages, the first-hand testimony of living souls that they know that they exist ; then men in the nineteenth century must go through the same training that they have gone through in other times, for only thus is first-hand knowledge attainable, and the question of the existence of the soul is put for evermore beyond possibility of doubt or of challenge.

The first time, there may be a sense of bewilderment, or confusion, or wondering what this strange thing is that has happened ; but as it is repeated day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, that consciousness outside the body becomes real, nay, far more real, than that within the body ; for, coming back into the body time after time, the soul experiences that entering the body is like going into a prison-house ; that it is like leaving the open air and going into a cellar or a vault ; that the sight is dimmed ; that the hearing has grown almost deaf ; that all the powers of the soul are limited and deadened, and that this body is indeed as S. Paul, the great Initiate, called it, the body of death, not the body of life.



We call this life ; it is not life at all. We call it life ; it is simply the limited, imprisoned, dull, dwarfed existence, which the soul endures for a short time of its experience in order to gain certain physical knowledge which otherwise it would be unable to acquire for lack of suitable instruments. But as you become men of meditation, that higher life becomes your vivid, real life, and this life becomes a sort of dream, recognised as an illusion, as duties that have to be discharged, obligations that have to be paid, where much has to be done ; but the world is a world of prison, of death not the world of freedom, of life ; and then we realise that we, ourselves, are that living, active, powerful, perceiving intelligence to whom the worlds lie open, for whom heaven is the native land, the natural and rightful dwelling-place.

These are the lines along which we pass to the final proof of the existence of the soul. See how gradual the stages have been ; how we began on the physical plane with physical experiments ; how we passed on then a little into the region of dreams, and action outside the body ; how then we took up the question that we recognise by use the difference between the body, and the senses, and the mind ; and then how we found the assertion of something beyond that mind more real and more powerful

than itself; and then how, encouraged by those lower experiments, we penetrated into the higher, and paid the price which is necessary for that first-hand knowledge of the soul.

Truly, it is worth while. I do not pretend that it can be gained without paying the price. I do not pretend that you can enjoy vehemently the life of the body, and the senses and the mind, and at the same time carry on this evolution of the higher life; but this I tell you, that all that you lose is merely the pleasure which you have outgrown, and which, therefore, no longer attracts you. You lose that in the way that you lose your toys when you grow out of childhood; you do not want them. It is not that any one takes them away from you or breaks them; you do not want them any longer; you have found a higher enjoyment, toys of a finer kind. But the mind is also a toy, through finer than the toy of the senses; that also is recognised as a toy in the higher regions of the life. Gradually then, you give up those pleasures; they have lost their savor; but you perform your duties better than you have performed them before. Don't fall into the mistake that some people do when they begin meditating, of going about the world in their waking life in a fog, in a dream, abstracted, so that everybody says: "Why, that person is losing

his mind!" That is not the way to meditate. Meditation makes men more effective, not less keen, not blinder; more alert, not less alert, less observant. The stage wherein people are dreaming is a very early stage of the training of the mind, when they are still so weak that they cannot manage their mind at all; and I have noticed over and over again, if I take for a moment a personal illustration, that I, who have done a good deal in this way of meditation, who have trained myself carefully along the road that I have been pointing out to you, I often notice when I am with people who have never dreamed of this at all, and who call themselves quick, observant people of the world, that I see things that they miss, observe things that pass them unobserved, notice all kinds of tiny things in the streets, in the railway cars, in people, which pass by them without making the slightest impression. And I only mention that to show you that it is not necessary to lose the powers of the lower mind, while you are busy evolving the higher. The fact is you have them much more at your command, and just because you do not wear them out by worry, and fuss, and anxiety, they are much more available when you want to use them; indeed, common sense is very marked, and reason, logic, intelligence, caution, prudence, all these quali-

ties come out strongly and brilliantly in the true occultist. The man becomes greater and not less on the mental plane, because he works in a region beyond and above the intellect. He has gained in life. He is not robbed of the lower life; he has lost it, and in losing it he finds it. Resigning the lower, he finds the higher flowing into him fully, and the lower is more brilliant than it ever was before. He asks for nothing; everything comes to him. He seeks for nothing; all things flow to him unasked. He makes no demands; nature pours out on him her treasures. He is ever pouring forth all that he possesses. He is always full, though ever emptying himself.

Those are the paradoxes of the life of the soul; those the realities proven as true, when the existence of the soul is known, and if to-night I have not tried to win you by mere skill of tongue or picture, or what would be called appeals to emotion and feelings, it is because I wanted to win your reason step by step along this path; because I wanted to show you—without emotion, without appeals to intuition, without making, as I might make, appeal to that knowledge within every one of you—that you are immortal existences and that death is not your master. Instead of appealing to that, as I have the right to appeal to it, I have led

you step by step along the path of the reason ; I have shown you why you should take each new step when the others behind are taken. But let me in concluding, say a word to those who do not need to take the lower steps of this toilsome path, who do not need to prove that the soul exists, who are filled with the consciousness that they are living souls, who, though they know it not first-hand, by knowledge, yet have a deep, undying conviction that no logic can shake, no argument can alter, no scoff can vary, no jeer and no proof can change. Beaten in argument, confused by logic, bewildered by proof, they still say : " I feel, I know, I am a living soul." To those I would say : trouble not yourselves about the lower steps ; trouble not yourselves with all the arguments I was using as to proof over and over again reiterated, intended to convince the materialist. Trust your intuition, and act on its truth. The inner voice never misleads. It is the Self whispering of its own existence and imperially commanding your belief. Yield your belief to the voice within. Take it for true, though you have not proved it as true, and act on that internal conviction as though it were true. Then begin the processes of meditation I hastily alluded to. Take, as you may take, the books where these are traced out for you one by one,

Begin to practise them. Do not waste any more time in reasoning out other processes that you are not ready to understand. Trust the voice within you. Follow the guidance which has been marked out for you by those who have trodden that road and have proved it to be true. Then swiftly and easily you will gain the knowledge. Then, without long delay, you will know of your own knowledge that these things are true. If the soul speaks to you, don't wait for the confirmation of the intellect. Trust the divine voice; obey the divine impulse; follow out the road traced by sages, by prophets, by teachers, verified by disciples who, in the present day, have trodden it, and know it to lead to the rightful goal. Then you, too, shall know; then you, too, shall share; then your intuition shall be confirmed by knowledge, and you shall feel yourselves the living, the immortal soul. That is my message to you then, to those who need not the proof, and appeal to the intuition; and in giving you the message, I speak not of myself; in giving you the message, I bring you no new thing; I confirm to you in your own day and time, what every prophet has asserted, what every disciple has taught, what every divine man has proclaimed. As a messenger of that Brotherhood, I do but repeat their message,

There is the weight of the evidence, and not in my poor reassertion of it. What is it that one soul should have found to be true, that which all the great souls have declared? If you would have authority, take it on their word. Remember that what I speak is indeed spoken with my lips, but with Their voice; I bring to you the testimony of the ages; I bring to you the message from an innumerable company. I, but weak and poor in my own knowledge, limited and circumscribed in my own experience, servant of that great Brotherhood, holding it the proudest privilege and delight to be able to serve and to give my obedience, I speak Their word. I do not dare to endorse it, as it were, though knowing it to be true. I put it on Their testimony, unshakable, immovable, back to the furthest antiquity, down to the present day, an unbroken army of mighty witnesses, an innumerable company of prophets, of teachers, of saints. Their messenger, I speak Their message. You can prove its truth for yourselves, if you will.

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# THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL.

A LECTURE

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## THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL

This evening my Brothers, I am to speak to you on "THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOUL" and in order that the subject may be put clearly before you from the beginning, let me, at the very outset, say what is meant by the title, what is intended by the word 'Soul', and exactly say what that word implies. One difficulty that we have in dealing with many of these complicated subjects in the English tongue, is, that that tongue is not adapted to the careful definition of subtle distinctions; you do not find in English much habit of metaphysical disquisition, you do not find in English any fondness for the drawing of distinctions which are complicated and subtle in their nature, between the different parts of man's Constitution, and as mind has been studied from without and not from within, there is difficulty in dealing with man's complicated nature, and oftentimes a single word has to serve for several things, different because of their constitution. If I were sure in addressing an Indian audience, that every one present knew as he ought to know, the terms of the Indian Religion, which mark out the different stages of man's nature, I might use the Sanskrit terminology; but I am obliged to remember, that though at the present time there are many who by tradition and by name are Hindus in faith, yet few of them are acquainted with the details of the terminology which ought to be familiar to them from childhood. I must therefore, in addressing men, who have had their thoughts turned to occidental educa-

tion rather than to the study of the ancient Indian Literature, in using Sanskrit terms be sure that the term is understood, and must give the equivalent in English, however unsatisfactory and loose that equivalent may be.

Now then, what is the meaning of this exceedingly vague word, used so vaguely by the English themselves that you will find a large number of them speak of Soul and Spirit as though the two terms were not distinct, but conveyed the same idea; so that they speak of a man's Soul and a man's Spirit almost interchangeably. If you ask what distinction they draw between Soul and Spirit, you will often be met by an expression of surprise, and the statement that the two words really mean the same thing, and that it is not necessary to go into these fine-drawn distinctions. But as a matter of fact, though they may be constantly thus used in the same sense, they ought not to be taken as implying the same. Therefore it is that I think it necessary to show what the meanings of the two terms are, in order that we may be able to follow the pilgrimage of the Soul.

The word "pilgrimage" would be altogether inapposite if I were speaking of the Spirit, Spirit being changeless, immutable, eternal, incapable of increase or diminution, and therefore a thing which can not be spoken of, as performing a pilgrimage, of which the very object is the gathering of experience and the gaining of capacities which were not in existence when the pilgrimage was begun. Therefore let me tell you that by the word "Spirit" I shall mean that which in Sanskrit would be connoted by the word *Atma*—that is, the universal spirit which is at the root of manifestation, which is one and the same for

every man, which is present not only in man but in every atom of the universe, without which there is nothing that has existence, without which nothing can be, which is that from which everything proceeds; that which is unborn and undying. But sometimes you know that a distinction in term is drawn for the sake of convenience between *Paramatma* and *Atma*; but the distinction is not one of *essence*; it is one of *condition*: *Parimatma* signifying the spirit underlying the whole of the universe; while *Atma* is that same spirit in the heart of and embodied in, man. Thus in the *Chhandoggyopanishad*, there is this distinction drawn between the embodied and the unembodied *Atma*.

You use the word *Atma* when you want to make it clear that the Spirit itself is at the root of man's existence, and is, as it were, at the centre of manifestation; then you must realise clearly and definitely, that the Spirit is changeless, that in itself it is one and not many, that in itself it is immutable and not transitory. But you must also realise and consider very clearly its activity, for in the *Upanishads* it is often stated that *Atma* is the outgoing energy of everything which is born, so that while in itself it is quiescent, it has under certain conditions made all that is manifest, and under these conditions it becomes the one life issuing from different conditions according to each form of manifestation, and becoming as it were individualised by means of the conditions, although in itself individuality cannot be predicated of it.

Understand then that in using two distinctive terms, Spirit and Soul, we mean to imply difference, and having defined Spirit, what is meant by the word



Soul ? Turn for a moment in thought to that great teaching of Shri Krishna, in which he instructs his disciple Arjuna that Spirit is unborn, undying, changeless, inexhaustible, eternal; and yet in the same breath he speaks to him by name as having many times before been born, addressing him as an individual, addressing him as a separated entity, separated from other entities, distinguishing between His disciple and Himself, and saying that the former had been born many times before, but did not remember it, while He Shri Krishna knew his previous births. So that you find in that instruction the distinction drawn between the One, immutable, unborn, undying Spirit, which is one and the same for all, and separated entities who had passed through many births before, whose knowledge differed, the one from the other, whose experience in the past differed, the one from the other; so that you find individuality, you find separation, you find there an entity which can be distinguished from another entity. In every one there is some difference which has come in between the Spirit which is not individualised, and those, at least for a time, separated individualities, for they pass through different births and have garnered in them the fruits of past experience

Nor is that all. In another division of the same great book you will find a similar truth given by way of analogy, that as one sun lights all, so one Spirit illumines every form. We find one glorious sun lightening different bodies in the world, one sun but its rays falling upon many bodies around us. The sun's rays are the same in themselves, but as they fall upon different kinds of bodies in which matter is differently arranged, these rays falling upon these

different arrangements of matter are thrown back from them to the eyes of men and beautiful are the colours which result. Now colour is nothing more than a result of light falling upon the different arrangements of matter which retain some rays in the spectrum and reflect others. In looking at a tree you see the leaves are green, that is simply because light falling upon a particular arrangement of matter which you call a leaf has part of its rays absorbed by the leaf and the other part thrown inwards to the eye and the leaf has a green colour because the green ray is reflected to your eye. So with a red body, with a blue or a yellow. Thus the simile is very exact. Just as the one white light of the sun comes back in so many different colours not because the sun is different or the rays different, but because the arrangements of matter on which they fall are differently associated, and therefore the ray thrown back is only part of the white light; so in the Souls, the different Souls of men, which are individualised, the separate characteristics, the different qualifications which you see in them are built by experience, are built by the long pilgrimage of the Soul, passing through birth after birth, in each birth gathering different experiences, and these make different arrangements of Soul material, as it were, and the one Spirit shines through these individualised Souls and you see each as different; we know the individual by the difference of his attributes, the attributes being the colours of the soul.

Now when that thought is grasped, let me see the Soul's future this evening—using the word Soul as Spirit individualised that is, as an entity which begins as the "I" in us which shows certain qualities, which

exhibits certain powers; which shows strength and weakness, which grows and develops from life to life. What I have to do this evening is to trace the pilgrimage and show you the process of individualisation; to show you how the process begins, how it continues and the object for which this pilgrimage is made; what there is that comes out at the end different from what there was at the beginning; what is the goal which this individualised Spirit has ultimately to reach, for which it passes from life to life and is re-born over and over again; what is the object of the gathering of experience, what the meaning of that wheel of birth and death to which every one of us is bound and upon which every one of us is revolving, but from which liberation may be gained—aye, shall ultimately be gained, for if we are bound to that by the bonds of desire, then as the bonds of desire are broken, the Soul is set free and is no longer subject to birth and death.

Now as to Desire, as to the nature of it, much discussion has arisen, much controversy as to why the process should be, much controversy as to the beginning and the ending in times of manifestation. Let us see if we can understand the purpose of human life and throw some light on its obscurities. Come back with me to the times of old when man as we know man did not exist. In asking you to come back with me to the times when man, as we know man did not exist on the earth, when so to speak the house was building, in which there was to be a tenant that we call the Soul, let me remind you that in building a house, the walls of the house have to be built, the roof must be placed upon them before you can enter and use it as a habitation; and so with the habitation

built gradually for the Soul, we may see that house being built; we know that the bodies which we wear are not ourselves, a man's body is not himself nor is your body you. It is not you, the identity is not with the body, but the body is as a garment which you take up and lay aside at will, the garment which wears out like everything else upon this changing earth; but the Living Self, the conscious Ego is the individuality which needs the body, and uses it and takes one body after another for its purposes.

Remember always that where there is manifestation there is a double aspect of the One, form and life. remember that whenever there is a universe, or any body in a universe, both these aspects must be present; remember that they are inseparable, and that everywhere in the great and small there is the double aspect of the One, underlying life and mind. We may distinguish the one as *Purusha* and the other as *Prakriti*, both threefold in their natures. You can trace them in the building of man; you may trace them in the earlier stage of making his garment, and you will find in the *Aitareyopanisad* a very distinguishing mark where it is said that *Paramatma* drew the form of man out of the water. This is the first stage; what does it mean? Water is always the symbol under which the form-side of nature is expressed. Water is that which stands for matter in the sacred books of the world. When we find the word "water" used it means *Prakriti*, it means physical nature. The other aspect is symbolised by fire. You will see sometimes in a temple a double triangle as a symbol, the upward pointing triangle is the threefold *Purusha*; the threefold *Prakriti* being symbolised by the downward pointing triangle; the flame of fire pointing

upwards, the water dropping downwards. Fire and water, everywhere represent spirit and matter. Thus this drawing of the form of man out of the water means the building of his astral and physical bodies out of matter, and it is drawn out by *Paramatma* because the building is brooded over and caused by *Atma*. What is the next stage according to the same *Upanishad* ? It is the entering in of the *Devas*, who entered in these forms which were drawn from the water; these *Devas* entering the body become the senses of man. That is to say, that the *Devas*, who are the spiritual intelligences behind phenomena, build the inner body in which reside the active senses of man. Not the bodily organ, but the seeing sight; not the bodily organ, but the sense of hearing; not the bodily organ, but the power of speech; not the bodily organ, but the sense of touch. All these sense-centres result from the *Devas* who are concerned with the different types and kinds of perception, and who entering the form which was drawn out of the water, give to men the power of sensation, the power of feeling, of response to outer contacts. So it is written, that one entered in and became speech, another entered in and became sight, and another became hearing and so on. Thus the second stage of the building of this tabernacle for the Soul is the entering in of the *Devas*, which added to the outer bodies the inner body that feels, which added these powers of sensation, without which the instrument would not be adapted for the gathering of experience. Thus the second stage in the formation of man's tabernacle is that which in Theosophical literature is described as the building of the *Kamic* nature of man, the nature of desire, the nature which

feels, the nature which sensates, the nature which perceives pleasure and pain and thus exactly, along the same lines, you may find other great writers following these teachings of the *Upaṇishads*.

Take the institutes of the great teacher Manu and there you find the same distinctions made by him; first there is the "Self of the elements" that he calls the "body of action", the outer body which is made up of the elements, and next another body which he calls "the body of *Jīva*" and this is explained to mean the body of feelings. He says it is the body in which is experienced pleasure and pain; and that the body is formed for the very purpose of these experiences of pleasure and pain. So I may point out that in the *Chhandogyaopanishad* the same lines of teaching are laid down, and it is said, that *Ātma* takes on a body in order that it may come into contact with pleasures and pains, for only the embodied *Ātma* comes into contact with anything external to the body. And thus only can it come into contact with objects from which it experiences pleasure and pain. And then he goes on to say that where there is this embodied *Ātma* there is the power of sensation, of pleasures and of pains. Therefore if you work this out, you will find that all come to the same teaching though in different forms, and that the human being consists primarily of the Universal Spirit, *Ātma*, and that there is built up by this a double body, the body of action and the body of feeling, and that this is to be the dwelling place for something which is called the Soul, in order that it may perceive pain and pleasure, and by means of this gain experiences which otherwise he could not have gained. And it is elsewhere said that *Ātma* is like the breeze which

plays over a garden of flowers. It does not gather the flowers, it does not pick the blossoms, but when the breeze has entered the garden and played over the fragrant blossoms, it picks up from each blossom its peculiar fragrance and carries that fragrance onwards, so that when it leaves the garden, it is enriched with the varied fragrance of the different flowers. No longer as it came in, without scent, without sweetness, but gathering up the scent of the flowers it goes on, retaining the fragrance it has garnered. And so with *Atma* in the world of manifestations. It does not gather phenomena themselves, it does not take as it were the experiences themselves, but by a subtle process it uses the bodies, the bodies of action and of feeling, for the gathering of experience, and then the Soul gathers up the fragrance, the aroma as it were, the ideal reflection of the experiences and carries them forward with it till the pilgrimage of the Soul is over.

Where is the use of the Soul? It is to be the garner house, the receptacle, in which every experience shall be kept as an ideal reflection not in the gross form of the fact or the sensation, but in an idealised form, which shall remain as a permanent representation of that which has been experienced in gaining knowledge of the external world.

And now I think we are ready for the third step. In the same *Upnishad* from which I have before quoted, the *Aitareyopanishad*, it is stated that the outer form being ready, the *Devas* having entered in, there followed the third stage, when *Paramatma* said:—"How shall I enter in?" and then it entered by the sacred place in the head, and then we may say there was *Man*: not before. This is the junction

of two definite lines of evolution, and at the point of junction there is the formation of the individual, the Ego. Let me see if I can make that clear. In the building of the bodies of men, in the building of the bodies of action and of feeling, you have seen a great deal of the working of the *Prakritic* side of evolution. Let me now use a term which you ought not to misunderstand—I call it the female side of Nature. You will see in a moment why I use that term drawn from experiences in the life of the world. This double evolution of *Purusha* and *Prakriti* is the primary fact, from which results on our plane what we call the male and the female. Their functions are different. The work of the one is the pouring forth of the creative and life-giving energy. It generates, it fertilises, it is active and controlling. The other side is the receptive side, the side that nourishes, the side that feeds, the side that develops, that as it were, receives the energy of the generating spirit and nurtures within its own womb the growing life which has been given to it, and makes it possible for that life to be developed. This difference of function goes through the whole of nature. All evolution is governed by this duality which gives rise to a new individual when it unites, one germinating the life incarnate, the other developing the life. That life is always thrown out by the generator, and then received by the nourisher and nourished into what is called the individual.

Now analyse this truth of nature : Brahman is one, there is but one life and one law, there is but one eternal existence of which everything is the manifestation. Therefore we can unravel many of the puzzles by studying the facts on the lower plane and



we may sometimes render it easier to grasp the higher facts, but remember that what you have to do if you would understand rightly is not to study the things of the spirit with the eyes of the flesh. You must not carnalise spirituality, but on the contrary you must spiritualise carnality, and then you may hope by the Spirit in yourself to throw light upon many problems and to find their solutions, which otherwise without its aid would be entirely unsoluble. I am now going to take an analogy from the lower nature, because I should not otherwise convey my meaning to those who are trying to understand. Analogy helps us because it gives us a picture; and all real things, all force, all life, all spirit are more easily understood by pictures than by any language. For spiritual truths are not taught by language, spiritual teaching is not by words, but as it were, by pictures recognised by direct intuition. But in as much as you and I are working through the intellect, I must use the awkward vehicle of language and therefore must ask the help of the intelligence to convey to you the thoughts which I wish to have in your minds.

Suppose you take a plant, and plucking a flower, examine its centre; in the centre you will find a small body, within that, smaller bodies; select one of these and open it, and with the help of a microscope you will find a body which is still more minute. I seem to be talking science, but I am really following the admirable ancient example of *Uddalaka*; for you may remember that father teaching his son; you may remember how he made him take the plant and examine it bit by bit until he came upon the apparently empty centre where the whole future tree was

though hidden in the invisible. So that I am only following the ancient example of teaching through physical nature, though utilising modern scientific thought. Pursuing our search microscopically we shall reach the ultimate possible point which you can trace by the present instruments and we shall find that there is a single germ—a germ which if left to itself will die, the germ if left to itself, will never develop, the germ if left to itself will just remain a small point and nothing more, will wither and come to an end. But suppose that instead of being left to itself, there is brought to it another kind of matter, stimulating and fertilising, it will live and from the male organ of the plant there will come to it that embodied energy, which falling upon the germ, will unite itself with it and fertilise it. What will be the result? The result will be that out of that germ which has been fertilised by the male energy there will grow up a new plant, there will develop a new individual, which will reproduce the characteristics of the parents that gave it birth, and it will be a separate individual, dating its beginning *as an individual* from the point of junction; separately, neither of these could give rise to the new individual, but in the union of the two the new individual is generated.

Now let us apply that analogy, and let us see how it may help us in this building of the bodies which form the human tabernacle. Now we have in those two bodies as it were, the female side of nature. Mere bodies which are capable of giving nourishment to the Soul, which are capable of feeding the Soul by the gathering of experience, which will serve as the link between the outside world and that

which is to be within; and you have in them the characteristics of the female side of nature, the nourishing side which builds up the individual.

Another building will be by the gathering of experience, without which no growth can occur, and on the assimilation of which the whole of the development of the Soul depends.

The Soul cannot be built within this receptacle that encompasses that germ, if that germ be left to its own unassisted energies. Something else must come in, in order that the germ may become a living individual, some other energy must come in to give it the impulse which shall cause future growth. Whence does it come? It comes from those Spiritual Intelligences of whom you have heard, of whom you have read, spoken of sometimes as the *Kumaras*, sometimes as the mind-born sons of *Brahma*, those who were at the beginning of the *Manvantara*, the Mighty Ones who came out at the beginning of the universe, of manifestation, to take part in this building of the universe and to generate man. The sacred books speak of such great ones and they are spoken of as men. But where will you find men like Those? They are the sons of *Prajapati* commanded to populate the globe, those who went down into the ocean, ancient and mighty sages, embodied souls, and there meditated for ten thousand years, then coming up from the waters they populated the entire globe.

Let us see the meaning of this story as applied to the building up of men. The sons of *Prajapati* beneath the surface of the waters are Spiritual Intelligences merged in *Atma* by supreme meditation; they come out from beneath the surface of the ocean, out

of *Pralaya* into active manifestation. They are the developed intelligences of a past *Manvantara* that have in a previous universe developed self-consciousness. They have developed thought. They have developed Spiritual intelligence, and it is they who come along the line of intellectual evolution, and who come down when the receptacles are ready, which have been builded for this purpose. Into the body made by the *Devas*, the body of Feeling or the *Kama Rupa*, they throw a spark, a spark of Their own essence; it is a spark of mind; it is a spark of intelligence and it falls into the prepared receptacle with its stimulating energy and coming into contact with the germ develops in the female. *Purusha* acts upon the *Prakriti* with fertilising power and generates a new individual, a new Ego, which is to develop into a new intelligent being, a Soul, that is, Spirit individualised by separate experiences. There at the point of junction it is, that the individual is born, there it is that the individual, the Soul, begins as an individual and which is thence forward to grow and to develop; there is the beginning of the pilgrimage which is to end in *Nirvana*.

Take now this thought at your leisure and in thinking it out refer, as you may wisely refer, to these various passages I have been using, in order to show to you whence the arguments are drawn; then think the matter out, slowly but with the help of the key which has been given to us in H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, that priceless message to man, throwing light on obscure problems of our being, and you will begin to understand the meaning of the hints given and you will understand then the meaning of the phrase, that when the mind-born

sons came down, with their own essence they filled the *Kama*, some entered in, while others projected a spark. For those who entered into the prepared bodies were the great *Rishis* who in the beginning of each *Race* come upon Earth and take a body in order that they may guide the infant Humanity, may train it, give to it the revelation which is needed by it, the guidance and the impulse which are necessary for its growth. Whence do you suppose these *Rishis* come, who do you suppose are these mighty mind-born children of the highest, that they should take upon themselves human bodies and become the teachers of infant Humanity? Who generated that Humanity, who stood round its cradle, and watched its growth in order to guide it along the right way to Life? Those "entering in" they were the *Rishis*, while some projected a spark, a spark that was an infant Soul. Thus were the new men the sons of the Ancient ones, the Father-Souls; their children were infant Souls, knowing nothing, without experience, but thrown into bodies which could be trained, thrown into bodies in which they might come into contact with the outer world and translate the contact into pleasure and pain. What will be the result of the first experience? This child-soul is absolutely ignorant; ignorant of the capacities of its own body, ignorant of the existence of an outer world. That world is a world of Law. There are things outside which attract this baby-soul, things which are attractive to the sense of sight, to the sense of hearing, to all the senses of this body of feeling which is to be its instrument for coming into contact with objects and experiencing pleasure and pain. Following the attractions of things outside it, it goes after them

and coming into contact with them by means of the sense organs, it experiences pleasurable or painful sensations according to the relations between the outer body and the inner energy. Thus in the infant Soul there will arise, where there is contact, the feeling of pleasure or of pain. Do not make a mistake in your thought. Pleasure and pain are not in the Soul, pleasure and pain lie at the point of contact between the energy which the Soul is liberating and the energy from the external body, which is also vibrating; neither vibration separately causing pleasure or pain. But when the two meet, at the point of contact there is either harmony or discordance. If they are harmonious, that is translated as pleasure by the Soul; but if there is discordance, that is translated as pain. Pleasure and pain then are the results of the contact between the two sets of vibrations and are neither in the external body alone, nor in the Soul alone, that experiences the contact. Supposing this outgoing energy vibrating from the organs of the senses, comes into contact with a vibration harmonious with it, what is called a pleasurable feeling results. This will affect the Soul as a feeling of pleasure, and the Soul will desire a repetition of it and will seek that experience again. It will be a considerable time before that baby-soul relates to the external body the feeling of harmony which is called pleasure, for a long time this sensation will not result in a definite thought, for thought begins as a connexion between object and sensation, by a perception, that is, a recognition of the object as giving rise to the sensation. The first thought of that baby-soul is the recognition of a certain object as causing a certain sensation, joining together feeling with the

external body which causes the feeling. For a long time there will be sensation without perception, consciousness without recognition. Why? Because consciousness lies in the mere response to an external stimulus; but self-consciousness, the Ego, recognises relations between the external and the internal, the "not-I" and the "I" and is developed by the further process of working upon internal images, resulting from sensations and recognising the relations between these images; then passing on to what we call abstract thought, based on comparison and analysis. But our baby-soul is only gathering and acquiring experience as material for future growth; and slowly it learns what makes pleasure and what makes pain to it. Then comes its first dim perception of Law; only by these feelings of pleasure and pain will it learn there is a law; only by pleasure and pain, then it learns to keep away from somethings and to seek others, and so begins to remember and to distinguish, and these lessons of experience so slowly gathered, is the building up of the first stage of the individual.

Let me take instances to show you how slowly thought and memory grow: how slowly the vibrations of thought create the capacity for remembering, for distinguishing and for judging. Some of the lowest natives of Australia have these characteristics. If you give a man a blanket to keep out the cold at night or in the evening, he will be very glad of it, he may even buy it from you for the sake of its warmth; but in the morning when the sun has arisen, when it is warm, he will throw it away, or part with it for the merest trifle, though when again evening is closing and the cold begins he will not

part with it at all. This is because his mental development is so low, his memory is so poor, that he has little power to judge the future from the past, does not even rise to the thought that though it is warm in the day when the sun is up and the blanket is not wanted, it will again be cold at night, and the blanket will be wanted. This is because he has not developed enough memory to recognise sequence, namely, that after the warm day the cold night will succeed. Every mental capacity which you now have, has been builded up from experiences in your past life; every mental quality which you have, has been slowly made by the gathering of experiences, remembering the results of the past and applying them to the foreseeing of the future. Take another illustration. There are some Souls so young in experience that they cannot count. They can count one and two, but beyond that they cannot distinguish—one, two, many, is their reckoning, and further they cannot distinguish. Take another type which is still left upon earth, and you will find that that type can count up to ten, using the fingers as the units. See then the difference between the mental capacities of these two types and that of the brilliant university graduate who takes high honours in Mathematics. Do you not see that the capacities may be infantile in grown up men, that they develop by stages in men, up to where he is to-day; so that where you find capacity has developed, that Soul must have a long past behind it of accumulated experience, which has builded the capacity to recognise, to remember and to understand. For every capacity of the Soul which is born in the child, has behind it experiences which were gathered in previous births.



and the differences between the children of different races lie in these differences of experience making difference of capacity and are always measured by experience and by the way in which experience has been utilised. There are born in the present day some great minds which understand deep philosophical problems from the first presentation: when these are presented to them for the first time, shown to them for the first time, they seize the scope of them and retain it, for these are the men who in the past have been familiar with similar problems, and who have been trained in the habit of using their mental capacity. In such cases to quicken his lower understanding, the memories of the past come down into the brain, and there cause the physical vibrations which are concomitant with thought, and thus make the brain vibrate in unison with his memory. Consciousness is far wider than men imagine and it carries as its content things which in our waking moments we do not realise. Not only so, but much that is not realized appears as capacity, for every capacity means a grasp acquired by past practice and is really a sign of the existence of a continuing consciousness. The result of the past pilgrimage is that there are differences in the capacities dependent on the utilised experiences; the Soul is ever gathering, remembering and reasoning, judging in various ways; it makes for itself a power, and brings that power back when it takes up a fresh body, and then it uses that power, which is called inborn capacity, to further gather experience, for the further building up of itself. So you see that this process is what is going on with us now, and that which increases, develops and which you find building at the present time is the Soul.

For these processes I have been describing are not more than we can understand. It is not a fairy story, but a record of evolutionary growth, the results of which are seen in ourselves now, and that we may watch still proceeding as we improve our mental and moral capacity by practice. Why should we find one thing that is easy and another that is difficult? Why should we be in the world in these capacities, with weaknesses, with strength, with thoughts of evil and of good? Why this tendency towards evil? Those things which in the past we thought, we are bringing into action to-day. Our *Karma* is, that that which in the past we have built shall limit us in the present, and that we shall experience the results which we ourselves have caused. For my mental capacity, which comes from my past, is the result of my use of past experiences. Suppose that in my past a great spiritual truth was given to me; suppose that in the past I turned aside from it and took up in preference some intellectual knowledge or sensual gratification. I thus lost the opportunity of mastering spiritual teaching. What then will be the result, the *Karma*, in the future? That having lost that opportunity of gaining spiritual knowledge, I shall be reborn without the capacity that otherwise I should have had and when it comes in my way in this life, I shall be unable to take it, unable to understand it, dead to it, blind to this the wonderful vision, because I turned aside from it in the past, because I had not utilised the opportunity of learning, but rather travelled away from it. Therefore it shall be my *Karma* that I shall fail to recognise it, and presently that which I preferred to it, the transitory good, the good which is reality in no good because of its transi-

toriness, and I shall not have the power of knowing the spiritual while I shall have lost the taste for the material. So you see how *Karma* works. It does make limitations, the Soul must work in this world by the capacities it has made, and hence the mind may not allow the expression "the workings of the Soul". It is also true that the living Soul, that from the past has brought its capacity and incapacity for work and duty, when it finds itself hemmed in by the *Karma* it has made, may yet slowly work through those limits, wear them away, for it has the all-prevailing power of *Brahman*, which is at the root of man, which is individualised as Soul, and which gives to him the power of initiative, the power of will, the power of thought. And if in my life to-day, the same opportunity comes to me, the opportunity that the Soul had previously missed, and I have made it a daily habit to check every single material desire, to keep down all physical longings in order that spirituality may manifest itself then I may overcome materialism; then I may be able to grasp it, though feebly, and in any case I am building up *Karma* for my future, I am building up a capacity which my Soul shall have to use in the life which lies in front. For capacity is like a vessel into which water may be poured, and if when water is brought we have no vessel in which to receive it, it will be carried on and we left athirst; so must we make capacity as a vessel in which to receive the water of the Spirit, so that when the Spirit comes, when the spiritual water comes, we may have the capacity to receive. The smaller our vessel for its reception the less can we take, and hence the importance of improving to the utmost our capacity.

This then is the object of the pilgrimage of the Soul—to gather knowledge, to gather experience, to gain the capacity to gather, so that at last it may be a Divine Soul, all-wise, all-loving, and it shall reach the stage in which were those mind-born sons who generated the baby-soul to go through the long pilgrimage which I have been describing so shortly. For the result is that at the end of the pilgrimage you have a Divine Soul which is filled with knowledge. You all have the capacity to thus rise towards the Divine, unfolding the inner life and these outer experiences, and so at last becoming those great Spiritual Intelligences which in a future *Manavantara* will generate a new group of human Souls, bringing back with them the experiences they have gathered in the present, and utilising them in the building of another experience. There is the point towards which Souls are tending. Did it never strike you to ask whence came the Mind-born Sons, whence these mighty *Rishis* who made our India possible? They came experienced into manifestation—whence did they come? They came from the far-off past, from ancient *Manavantas*, they came as the harvest of past universes to provide the seeds of the present. They came for the building of the new Universe, of the new Humanity, for those who to-day are making the pilgrimage of the Soul, and rising out of material into spiritual life. The *Rishis* by the long pilgrimage I have described, trodden in a past inconceivably remote, have through their union with the One Supreme, carried on the ideal forms resulting from their experience, and bringing these out of the invisible they use them for the making of a universe, more wonderful and more full of growth than the last.

That then is the pilgrimage of the Soul. There is the vista that opens out before us. The higher states of consciousness we cannot at present understand, not having experienced them, we cannot appreciate them, for we cannot realise that what we call individuality may expand into a more real life, for we are where there is separation and not unity, where there is difference and not identity. Just even a little transcending of brain-consciousness shows possibilities beyond this universe of ours as known by average men. There is intelligence, there is consciousness which no word of mine can describe, into which the brain-intellect cannot enter, union with the one, the marvellous supreme Being, unintelligible to the lower mind. The idea with which I leave you today is that in this life of yours you may choose to come upwards or to go downwards; that if you go on grasping at the physical, if you go on seeking only the material, whether for yourselves or for the building of this country, then you will be dragged backwards, downwards, by the thoughts you build into the Soul. You may raise or pull down, you may build or destroy, you may construct or disintegrate: in your hands is the choice; yours to make or unmake. But remember that what you choose you must take. There is no escape from this inevitable law. According to the will is the result. According to the thought is the act. As you desire so will Nature answer, and nothing else will come. Therefore lay the foundations of your future in obedience to the words you will find in an ancient Scripture:—“Man is the creature of reflection, as he thinks, so he becomes : therefore reflect upon *Brahman*.”

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**BY**

**PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY**

*August 1918*

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# The Soul as It is, and How to Deal with It'

## I

IN Tolstoy's novel, *The Cossacks*, there is a scene where a man swimming is shot dead and drifts to the shore, while his slayer swims over the flooded river to get him and crouches down exhausted at his side. There the two lie, looking almost the same. But one is full of a turmoil of desires and aspirations, mingled feelings of pride and misery; and the other is dead. And the only sign of difference is a light steam rising from the body of the living man.

So small a sign, and yet all the difference that can be!

A distinguished anthropologist, Dr. Elliot Smith, has suggested to us the kind of speculation that would go on in the mind of a primitive man if he found a dead body preserved, as it might be, for instance, in the dry Egyptian sand—the phenomenon that led up to the practice of embalmment. What is wrong with that body in the sand? What is it that it lacks?

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from the *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1913.

It does not breathe. There is no breath in it ; that is the first thing that strikes our Egyptian ; so he gives it breath as best he can, burning incense under its nostrils, so that the breath may enter in, warm like the breath of the living, and fragrant to correct the smell of the corpse. Again, it is all dry, there is no blood in it : and our Egyptian knows that the blood is the life, because he has seen wounded men die as their blood ebbed away. So he pours libations of blood into the grave, that the dead may get their life again. Some of us will remember the weird passage in *Odyssey*, xi, where Odysseus sees the ghosts of the departed, like puffs of wind made visible, as it were ; *psuche kai eidolon*, " a breath and an image," and no more ; with no life nor power of thought till they have drunk the blood that he has poured out for them.

If you start thus from the dead body, it seems as if the life or soul lay in some breath or spirit that has departed. Most of our words for the soul show that origin. The word " soul " itself is of doubtful derivation ; but " ghost " means " breath," " spirit " means breath. In Latin *spiritus* and *animus* and *anima* are simply breath or wind ; in Greek *psuche* is wind, and *pneuma* breath, and *thumos* smoke or vapour. All the words are metaphors ; naturally and inevitably so. For whenever mankind notices a new fact and wants to find a name for it, he must needs search about for something like it among the facts he already knows and has names for. The new fact does not come with a name ready written upon it.

The word "life," oddly enough, means "body". I think that comes from another line of thought, in which mankind, when trying to express the thing we call soul or life, started not from the dead body but from a dream-image or phantom. A dream-image, a shape seen in hallucination, a reflection in water or a looking-glass: what is wrong with them, and how are they lacking in the life of the living? Why, they are like those ghosts in Homer. There is "a breath and an image," but no heart or blood or solidity. They are not real. If they could drink of blood and grow solid, if they could get themselves a body, that would be life.

Another mode of thought which started from the dream-image conceived that that image itself was the soul or life; that it moved out of the body in sleep, and sometimes in waking time; moved out and drifted far away at its will and pleasure, with always the possible danger of losing its way and not being able to return to the body. That mode of thought explains the curious pictures in ancient times of the soul as a little human being, sometimes with wings and sometimes without, who lives inside the ordinary body and keeps it alive. There is a common phrase in Homer describing death: "the life left the bones." The word for life there is *thumos*, the word that means smoke or vapour; but the old vase-paintings which depict that kind of death show not a smoke but a beautiful little winged human figure springing out from the body as it falls, and rising heavenward.

What does all this amount to? What conclusion can we draw from these stumbling efforts of instinctive man to describe or name or depict this thing within us, which no man has ever seen or heard or touched, and yet which makes the greatest of all differences, the difference between the living and the dead?

I think we can conclude just thus much, that there is something really there, and that man's powers of thought and language, trained as they are on the experience of the material world, have been unable to define or comprehend it. Our modern phraseology is practically all derived from the Greeks, and the Greeks went on using metaphors to the end. If the indescribable thing was not a breath or a wind, then it was a spark of fire; but not ordinary fire, which destroys and perishes; rather the celestial fire of which the stars are made, the stars which neither consume nor are consumed. Or is it a fragment, as it were, of God Himself prisoned in our earthly material, imperfect because fragmentary, yet in some way akin to the Most High? No need to trouble with further attempts at such description; the main result that remains from these broken speculations, on which the world has been living ever since, is the profound conviction of Greek philosophy that man, in some unexplained way, consists of two parts, of which one is living and one dead. "What art thou?" said the Emperor Marcus

Aurelius to himself. "*A little soul carrying a corpse.*"

Plato, the earliest author who discusses and supports with argument the great doctrine that the soul is immortal—that the soul is life, and therefore cannot die—is fond of metaphors about the soul. He is unconsciously founding a new science, that "science of the soul" which we call psychology. His first division of the soul is a very fruitful and interesting one. How is it that the soul shows itself in action? In other words, how is it that a man shows he is really alive? There are three ways, says Plato, desire, and anger and reason; or—since it is hard to get words simple and large enough to express the Greek, by lusting, fighting and thinking. There are things it craves for, and things it hates and rejects; but above the craving and rejecting there is a power of judging, of distinguishing between good and evil and shaping its own course. This power, which he calls reason and we moderns mostly call "will," is the very soul itself. The lusting and fighting, though they may serve the soul, and are forms of life, are mere functions of the live body. A man's soul, he says in another fine passage, is like a charioteer upon a chariot with two horses. One of the horses is sluggish, lazy, tending always downward; the other fierce, but of generous nature and full of courage; and the man who drives them has to master the two of them, keep them abreast, and above all choose for himself the path he means them to take. The charioteer is the real soul,

*"A little soul carrying a corpse"*: what is there wrong about that description, or rather, what would be wrong with it if it were ever meant to be literally and exactly true? It is that it separates the body and soul too sharply. That is the mistake in all these primitive conceptions with which we have been dealing, and consequently in a great deal of our own current language, which of course is descended, as all language is, from the philosophy of earlier times. If you have a lump of hot iron, the thought of primitive man will probably regard it as made up of two separate things, heat and a lump of iron. Just as we have certain pictures by savages—and I believe also by children—in which an angry man is shown by drawing first a man, and second his anger, seated inside him or sticking out of his head. Just as in primitive poetry, a man constantly holds conversations with his own heart or his own thought, as if it was a separate thing. It was another Greek philosopher, Aristotle, who cleared that matter up. You meet angry men, not first anger and then men; you meet live persons, not first a life or soul and then a body which it is carrying about. But with that passing caution against possible misunderstanding we shall find it simpler to use the ordinary language, and speak as if the body and the breath or soul inside it were entirely different things.

*"A little soul carrying a corpse"*: the modern writer who has made that old Stoic phrase most clear to the average reader is, I think, M. Bergson. To him man consists of a body which is so much matter;

governed by the law of gravitation and all the other laws of dead matter, governed also by the laws of biology or animate matter; and a soul or will—Plato's charioteer—which is free and moves of itself. How the will can be free, of course, is one of those problems which no one can satisfactorily explain. It seems impossible to understand how it can be free; yet almost more impossible to imagine that it is not free. It is an old problem, perhaps an eternal one. But M. Bergson's special contribution to it, if I understand him aright, is this.

The body is of course subject to mechanical and biological law. Throw it up in the air, it will fall down again. Hit it hard enough, it will break. Starve it, and it will suffer and die. And the exact strain necessary in each case can, within limits, be calculated. Furthermore, for much the greater part of life the will—that is, the man himself—acts automatically, like a machine. He is given bad coffee for breakfast, and he gets cross. He sees his omnibus just going, and he runs. He sees in one advertisement that X's boot polish is the best, and on another that Y's boot polish is the best, and he accepts both statements. He does not criticise or assert himself. He follows steadily the line of least resistance. The charioteer is asleep, and the two horses jog along without waking him.

But, says M. Bergson, you will sometimes find that when you expect him to follow the line of least resistance he just does not. The charioteer awakes,



He can resist, he can choose; he is after all a live and free thing in the midst of a dead world, capable of acting against the pressure of matter, against pain, and against his own desires.

Whether this doctrine is exactly true or not, I do not pretend to judge; but it certainly is fruitful. It is just what one feels in one's ordinary experience: a constant tendency to behave like dead matter, to fall into habits, to become by slow degrees—as the ancients put it—"a chained slave". You are chained by your own standard of comfort; by your conception of what is necessary for you; by your meal-times and the conventions you live among; by the things that you always say or always do or always have. Bergson has for middle-aged men added a new terror to life. He makes you watch yourself becoming mechanical; moving in conformity to outside stimulus; growing more and more dependent on your surroundings—as if the little soul carrying the corpse had found it too heavy and was letting it lie, or perhaps, roll while the soul itself fell half asleep. Fortunately from time to time it wakes, and when it does wake its strength is amazing. A friend of mine wrote to me from amid the heaviest fighting on the Somme, describing the strange impression he received from that awful experience of the utter difference between man's soul and body; the body is so weak and frail a stuff, so easily broken, scattered, torn to rags, or trodden indistinguishably into mire; and the soul so resolute, so untouched and unconquerable.

## III

Untouched and unconquerable: those, I think, were my friend's words, and that was the impression which he received. There German shells and bombs and bullets tore men's bodies to pieces without any trouble, but they could not touch the men's souls or change their will. I do not wonder that he received that impression. Yet, is the impression absolutely true? Can we really, without qualification, believe the common, comfortable doctrine that persecution always fails, that the blood of martyrs is always the seed of the Church, that the soul is really unconquerable? The average man does not believe it, much less the ordinary tyrant. In every country he treats such doctrines as mere 'sentiment, and is perfectly confident that if you give him a free hand with rifle, bayonet, and cat-o'-nine-tails he can stamp out any inconvenient doctrine which puts its trust in nothing more substantial than the soul of man. And I fear the tyrant is not always wrong. Why are there no Protestants in Spain? Not because of the persuasiveness of Spanish theology, but because the Spanish Inquisition did its work. Why are there no descendants of the Albigenses in France? Because they were massacred.

No. We must not delude ourselves into believing that the path of the human soul or conscience when protesting against the world is a safe path, or a path that must in the end lead to victory. It is neither.

It leads for certain through suffering and humiliation; and it may also, it may ultimately, end in defeat. There is no certainty for the protesting soul anywhere; except the certainty of a great uncertainty, of a great battle of unknown issue, in which the odds are by no means as they appear. The big battalions of the world on one side, and the one little soul or group of souls on the other—they are not so unevenly matched after all. The little soul starts indeed with one great handicap against it—it has first to carry its own corpse, and then fight. But if it can do that, if it can get comparatively free from that burden and those entangling chains, get rid of desire and ambition, and hatred and even anger, and think of nothing but what it wills as right, then it is, I will not say unconquerable, but one of the most formidable fighting forces that exist upon this earth.

The doctrine that the persecutor is always defeated and the martyr always triumphant is, I think, little more than mere comfort-seeking, a bye-form of the common vulgar worship of success. We can give great strings of names belonging to the martyrs who were successful, who, whether living or dead, eventually won their causes, and are honoured with books and statues by a grateful posterity. But what of the martyrs who have failed—who beat against iron bars, and suffered and were conquered, who appealed from unjust judges and found no listeners, who died deserted and disapproved by their own people, and have left behind them no name or memorial? How many Belgians, and Serbs, and Poles, how many

brave followers of Liebknecht in Germany itself, have been murdered in silence for obeying their consciences, and their memory perhaps blasted by a false official statement, so that even their example does not live? In ancient Athens there was, beside the ordinary altars of worship, an altar to the Unknown God. There ought to be in our hearts, whenever we think with worship and gratitude of the great men who have been deliverers or helpers of the human race, an altar to the unknown martyrs who have suffered for the right and failed.

But let us stop a moment. When the soul of man thus stands up against the world, is it necessarily always in the right? Because a man holds a belief so firmly that he will submit to prison and death rather than forswear it, does it follow that the belief is true? Obviously not in the least. In every great moral conflict of history you have had martyrs on both sides. Christians and Pagans, Arians and Trinitarians, Catholics and Protestants, have killed each other and died themselves for their respective beliefs, and more particularly for those particular parts of them which most directly contradicted the beliefs of the other side. Martyrs are not always right. Indeed, I am not sure that if you took the whole faith for which a particular martyr suffers—the whole mass of passionate beliefs by which he is really at the time actuated—I am not sure you would

not find that martyrs were almost always considerably wrong. A man does not usually reach the point where he is willing to die for a cause without getting his passions strongly interwoven with his beliefs; and when a belief is mixed with passion, as we all know, it is almost certain to deviate from truth. If you ever wish, as we all sometimes do, to punish someone who differs from you, and to go on punishing him till he agrees with you, it is no good arguing that your victim is not a martyr because he is wrong or even wicked in his beliefs; a great many martyrs have been wrong, and their persecutors have always thought them both wrong and wicked. It is still more irrelevant to condemn the martyr for being inconsistent: for two reasons. First, there is no person known to history, neither priest nor philosopher, nor statesman, nor even mathematician, who has yet succeeded in building a complete theory of life which has no inconsistencies in it. The best we can do is to be consistent in some little corner of life, or in dealing with some immediate practical problem. And further, it would be absurd to say that a man must not take any step until he had made sure that the whole of his life was consistent with it. If a man wants to behave in some respect better than he has behaved before, it is practically certain that the new and better part of his life will not be consistent with all the other parts of it which he is not attending to. To reproach such a man for inconsistency is equivalent to asking him to remain always at the lowest level of which he is capable—though as a

matter of fact he would not attain consistency even then.

You must not be surprised then at a martyr being wrong, and you must not dream of expecting him to be in all of his beliefs consistent.

What can you expect of him, then ? I think all you can expect is sincerity of belief and purity of motive. If he is a fool, if he is prejudiced, if he is muddle-headed, if he is misled, if he is exasperating, even if he has certain grave faults of character in other respects, he can still be a martyr, and be entitled to a martyr's reward. But if he is insincere, if he is lying ; if, when professing to suffer for the right and the truth, he is really seeking his own advantage, and saying things which he does not believe, then he is done for ; there is nothing more to be said about him ; he is not a martyr, but a mere ordinary humbug. And no doubt one of the troubles of a Government which has to deal with people who of set purpose and principle defy a particular law, is to make out which are martyrs and which humbugs. And this is a matter of more consequence than may at first appear. For it is a very dangerous thing to allow people by mere cunning and obstinacy and self-advertisement in breaking the law to rise into public fame and to undermine that fabric of mutual agreement which holds society together ; a nation in which any well-organised rebels could safely defy the law would soon almost cease to be a free nation. And, on the other hand, a nation in which the Government seems to be forcing men into sin against their conscience, so that

good people instinctively respect the prisoner and condemn the judge, has already ceased to be a free nation. You remember the old words of Gamaliel: "Lest haply ye be found to be fighting against God." It is a serious thing for any organ of material power to be found fighting against the human soul.

Let me take a present-day instance of this battle between a soul and a Government, a very curious instance, because it is almost impossible without more knowledge than most people in England possess to say who was wrong and who right.

About the year 1869 a young Indian student, called Mohandar Karamchand Gandhi, came to England to study law. He was rich and clever, of a cultivated family, gentle and modest in his manner. He dressed and behaved like other people. There was nothing particular about him to show that he had already taken a Jain vow to abstain from wine, from flesh, and from sexual intercourse. He took his degrees and became a successful lawyer in Bombay, but he cared more for religion than law. Gradually his asceticism increased. He gave away all his money to good causes except the meagrest allowance. He took vows of poverty. He ceased to practise at the law because his religion—a mysticism which seems to be as closely related to Christianity as it is to any traditional Indian religion—forbade him to take part in a system which tried to

do right by violence. When I met him in England, in 1914, he ate, I believe, only rice, and drank only water, and slept on the floor; and his wife, who seemed to be his companion in everything, lived in the same way. His conversation was that of a cultivated and well-read man with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness. His patriotism, which is combined with an enthusiastic support of England against Germany, is interwoven with his religion, and aims at the moral regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, with no barriers between one Indian and another, and to the exclusion as far as possible of the influence of the West, with its industrial slavery, its material civilisation, its money-worship and its wars. (I am merely stating this view, of course, not either criticising it or suggesting that it is right.)

Oriental peoples, perhaps owing to causes connected with their form of civilisation, are apt to be enormously influenced by great saintliness of character when they see it. Like all great masses of ignorant people, however, they need some very plain and simple test to assure them that their hero is really a saint and not a humbug, and the test they habitually apply is that of self-denial. Take vows of poverty, live on rice and water, and they will listen to your preaching, as several of our missionaries have found; come to them eating and drinking and dressed in expensive European clothes—and they feel differently. It is far from a perfect test, but there is something in it. At any rate I am told that Gandhi's influence, in



India is now enormous, almost equal to that of his friend the late Mr. Gokhale.

And now for the battle. In South Africa there are some 150,000 Indians, chiefly in Natal ; and the South African Government, feeling that the colour question in its territories was quite sufficiently difficult already, determined to prevent the immigration of any more Indians, and if possible to expel those who were already there. This last could not be done. It violated a treaty ; it was opposed by Natal, where much of the industry depended on Indian labour ; and it was objected to by the Indian Government and the Home Government. Then began a long struggle. The whites of South Africa determined to make life in South Africa undesirable, if not for all Indians, at least for all Indians above the coolie class. Indians were specially taxed, were made to register in a degrading way ; they were classed with negroes, their thumb-prints were taken by the police as if they were criminals. If, owing to the scruples of the Government, the law was in any case too lenient, patriotic mobs undertook to remedy the defect. Quite early in the struggle the Indians in South Africa asked Mr. Gandhi to come and help them. He came as a barrister in 1893 ; he was forbidden to plead. He proved his right to plead ; he won his case against the Asiatic Exclusion Act on grounds of constitutional law, and returned to India. The relief which the Indians had expected was not realised. Gandhi came again in 1895. He was mobbed and nearly killed at Durban. I will not tell in detail how he

settled down eventually in South Africa as a leader and counsellor to his people; how he founded a settlement in the country outside Durban, where the workers should live directly on the land, and all be bound by a vow of poverty. For many years he was engaged in constant passive resistance to the Government and constant efforts to raise and ennoble the inward life of the Indian Community. But he was unlike other strikers or resisters in this: that mostly the resister takes advantage of any difficulty of the Government in order to press his claim the harder. Gandhi, when the Government was in any difficulty that he thought serious, always relaxed his resistance and offered his help. In 1899 came the Boer war; Gandhi immediately organised an Indian Red Cross unit. There was a popular movement for refusing it and treating it as seditious. But it was needed. The soldiers wanted it. And it served through the war, and was mentioned in despatches, and thanked publicly for its skilful work and courage under fire. In 1904 there was an outbreak of plague in Johannesburg, and Gandhi had a private hospital opened before the public authorities had begun to act. In 1906 there was a Native rebellion in Natal: Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers, whose work seems to have proved particularly dangerous and painful. Gandhi was thanked by the Governor in Natal—and shortly afterwards thrown into jail in Johannesburg. Lastly, in 1913, when he was being repeatedly imprisoned, among criminals of the lowest class, and his followers were

in jail to the number of 2,500, in the very midst of the general strike of Indians in the Transvaal and Natal there occurred the sudden and dangerous railway strike which endangered for the time the very existence of organised society in South Africa. From the ordinary agitator's point of view the game was in Gandhi's hands. He had only to strike his hardest. Instead he gave orders for his people to resume work till the Government should be safe again. I cannot say how often he was imprisoned, how often mobbed and assaulted, or what pains were taken to mortify and humiliate him in public. But by 1913 the Indian case had been taken up by Lord Hardinge and the Government of India. An Imperial Commission reported in his favour on most of the points at issue, and an Act was passed according to the Commission's recommendations, entitled the Indian Relief Act.

My sketch is very imperfect; but the story forms an extraordinary illustration of a contest which was won, or practically won, by a policy of doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring all the punishment the other side could inflict until they became weary and ashamed of punishing. A battle of the unaided human soul against overwhelming material force, and it ends by the units of material force gradually deserting their own banners and coming round to the side of the soul!

Persons in power should be very careful how they deal with a man who cares nothing for sensual pleasure, nothing for riches, nothing for comfort or or promotion, but is simply determined to do

what he believes to be right. He is a dangerous and uncomfortable enemy—because his body, which you can always conquer, gives you so little purchase upon his soul.

## VI

In Gandhi's case the solution of the strife between him and the Government was particularly difficult, because he was not content to be let alone. He thought it his duty, God helping him, to compel a Government backed by the vast majority of the nation to change their policy. And no Government could yield, or ought to yield, to such coercion. The best it could do was probably somewhere near that which, by the advice of General Smuts, it eventually did propose to do: to purge its policy as far as possible of all elements which were not essential to its own conviction and which did particular violence to the convictions of others.

In the next case I wish to lay before you the issue is much simpler. It is the case of the persecution of an Englishman of saintly life, Stephen Hobhouse. I say deliberately of saintly life, and I say no more; not for a moment that his views are right, or his theory of life socially convenient, or his example one that should be followed. As we have noticed before, it often happens that the saints are wrong and the children of this world right; but they are not often right when they begin treating the saints as

Stephen Hobhouse began life as the son of rich parents; he was a scholar of Eton, afterwards a scholar of Balliol; he won First Class Honours in Moderations, and Second Class Honours in Greats, after which he obtained a post in the Board of Education. He was rich and well connected; he was clever and successful, and had every prospect of a brilliant career. But from early life he had a conscience more exacting than the consciences of most of us. He was religious with a touch of mysticism. He wanted to follow Christ. He eventually formulated the goal at which he aimed as "self-identification with the oppressed". To help the poor and suffering was not enough; he must be one with the poor and suffering. He could not do this as a rich man. So he began by renouncing his position as heir to his father's estate, and stripping himself of the prospect of inherited wealth. He had, I think, already joined the Quakers, and was a regular speaker in their meeting-house. (They have no ordained ministers.) He went with his wife, who shares his religion, to live in a workman's flat in Hoxton, and the two spent all their time in social work—that is, in ministering to the poor and in the effort towards "self-identification with the oppressed". Their life, I need hardly say, was abstemious to the point of asceticism. Let me give one small illustration.

A friend of mine calling on Mrs. Stephen Hobhouse the other day noticed a clothes-line hanging across the room and asked some question about it,

It appeared that when they first moved into the flat, living of course without a servant, Mrs. Hobhouse sent her washing out to a laundry. The work of suddenly living without a servant was, for two delicate people, hard enough. But they noticed that the families living round them did not send their washing out; they did it at home in the living-room. "Self-identification with the oppressed" pointed the road clearly, and they tied the clothes-line across the living-room and did the washing at home.

Stephen Hobhouse had been a Quaker, and a Quaker of the strictest sort, for ten years before 1914. He had had experience of a previous war; for during the war in the Balkans he had resigned his post in the Board of Education, and gone to Constantinople to nurse the refugees of various nations who were lying, largely untended, in the mosques, particularly in the mosque of St. Sophia. Of his work there I know only by hearsay, but the stories of it sound like stories of St. Francis. Creeds and religious organisations clash against one another; but true saintliness, the quality of the soul that has really mastered the corpse it carries, is much the same in all religions, and breaks the barriers of creeds. Stephen's interpreter, a pious Moslem, who was accustomed probably to think of all Christians as dogs, felt the spirit that radiated from this Christian, and the two used to pray together to the same God.

The present war came and was followed by conscription, embodied in an Act which gave complete

exemption to those who on conscientious grounds, however mistaken, refused to take part in slaying their fellow-men. If conscription was necessary, as I am inclined to think it was, that was a generous Act, and one worthy of the traditions of English tolerance. It was well known that Stephen Hobhouse, as a strict Quaker, considered it a sin to partake in war, and there was not the smallest glimmer of a doubt to be cast on the sincerity of his objection.

By an act of deliberate and purposeful injustice his tribunal disallowed his conscientious objection and sent him to the army. He did not appeal against the sentence, because many of his friends and fellow-Quakers were already being sent to prison, and "self-identification with the oppressed" forbade his deserting them. He refused to obey military orders. He was court-martialled and sentenced to various military punishments, culminating in 112 days' hard labour. When that was over he was taken out and the order repeated; of course he still disobeyed, and is now undergoing two years' hard labour. The renewed sentences bring with them conditions more severe than those of continuous penal servitude.

And one point more. Every one interested in prison reform knows that one of the most severe strains upon human nature involved in prison life is the eternal silence—one of the most severe and, many people hold, the most corrupting and injurious to mind and character next to solitary confinement

itself. In every prison the rule of silence is apt to be somehow evaded. It is a thing which human nature in the long run will not bear, and by hook or by crook, by sundry unedifying artifices, the prisoners do manage to snatch a few words of conversation with one another from day to day. Stephen Hobhouse at first did talk by these secret methods, then he decided that it was wrong. He writes to his wife: "The very night of thy last visit I was smitten with a sense of shame for the habits of concealment verging on deception which this life seems to force on all of us. For a fortnight I wrestled day and night with this feeling. . . . It seemed so hard to give up the only outward ways of expressing love." He confessed to the governor that he had been breaking the rule of silence, and refused to promise to obey it in the future. And the result is that, in order to make sure he does not break that rule, and at the same time to avoid the constant repetition of special punishments, this man is in solitary confinement for the indefinite future.

I believe in this case that the Government has broken the law. I am certain that the original sentence of the tribunal was wrong. But for the moment I am dealing with another aspect of this case. Apart from the rightness or wrongness of the prisoner's views about war, apart from the technical legality or illegality of the Government's action, you have here a deliberate conflict between the massed power of Government and the soul of one righteous man. There are about a thousand men in the same position.



I do not know who will win. I make no prophecy. It is quite easy for a huge engine like the War Office to crush any one man's body, to destroy his reason by perpetual solitude, or put an end to his life. But I do not think that a Government which sets out to prosecute its saints is a wise or a generous Government; I do not think a nation which cannot live in peace with its saints is a very healthy or high-minded nation.

## VII

I have not attempted to answer the question with which we started, to define what the soul is or what life is, or where the difference comes between the mere physical life that makes a man move his limbs and desire his food, and the soul itself or central guiding principle, which the ancients called reason and the moderns think of as will. The question is perhaps still beyond human powers of analysis. I have only tried to consider with the help of examples the actual working of the soul in shaping a man's life, and sometimes bringing him into conflict not only with his own apparent interest, but with the general stream of will in the society around him. And I have tried, first, to suggest that a wise ruler will be very circumspect, a conscientious ruler will be very tender, before challenging the lowliest of human souls to battle on the soul's own ground, or setting about the task of compelling the humblest of his subjects by torment and violence to do that

which he definitely believes to be wrong. So much for action between man and man. And secondly, within our own hearts, I would say that the main lesson to each man of us is to see that his own soul does not die. It will sometimes stagger under the weight of the corpse it carries ; that is inevitable. Only let it not fall into the power of the corpse. The weight of dead matter seems, at times like the present, to increase upon us. Our whole being is dulled. We do more and more things because we are driven, fewer and fewer because we choose them and love them ; we cease even to suffer as we should suffer, or to pity as we should pity. In our own great war we tend to forget what we ourselves owe to the higher causes for which our friends have died as martyrs, to forget because the deaths are by now so common and the martyrdom has lasted so long. We tend to shrink from the higher emotions because they are difficult, to sink into the round of lower and more commonplace emotions because they make less disturbance in our daily business. The power of death is abroad over the world. It has taken lives innumerable, and better lives than ours. Let those of us whose bodily life is still spared make sure that the soul within us shall not die.



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## On Floods

As we all know in theory, the Theosophical Society has as its work in the world the spreading of the great truths of the WISDOM, and most of us believe the fact that these truths are preserved to the world, generation after generation, by the great body of spiritual Teachers whom we speak of as the White Lodge. Those Teachers have their claim on our allegiance because they are the greatest servants of humanity. They stand out above and beyond all other Helpers of men by the immensity of Their sacrifice for the sake of the world, and by the perfection with which Their service is rendered. It is not too much to say of Them that Their very existence lies in sacrifice. Great as are the interests with which They deal, far-reaching as is the wisdom with which They scan the worlds and the evolution of humanity, none the less we know—as all of us have been told and some of us have observed—that despite that immense width of work and of duty They are in fullest and tenderest sympathy with the individual efforts of individual men and women. To us, of course, it is well-nigh

impossible to realise how comprehension so vast is at the same time so minute in its observation. We ourselves, as our interests widen, are so apt to become more careless of details, are so apt to look on the smaller things of life as though they were significant. We are not yet at that point of greatness which is able to look on all things we call great or small as neither small nor great—that point of greatness which considers the perfection with which work may be done as far more important than the importance of the work in the eyes of the world. It is difficult for us, because we are not yet great, to understand this bringing together of points that to us seem to be so opposite in their nature ; and yet it is one of the profoundest truths in the universe that the greater the comprehension the more complete, tender and sympathetic is the attention to detail, is the feeling with all that breathes. Greater in range of vision most certainly is the Logos of our system than the Masters who serve under His direction, and yet even closer than Their touch with Their disciples is His touch with all. Literally and perfectly true is that phrase spoken by the Christ that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father. To that all-embracing Love and Life all lives which are part of Itself are infinitely dear and precious. In the immensity of the Mind which comprehends and supports them all, every distinction disappears, so that that phrase of the poet :

· Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,

is literally true of the Logos of our universe. And true is it also that They in whom His Spirit is more manifest than it is in us, alike in the extent of Their knowledge and in the depth and detail of Their sympathy, are more like Him than we are like Them.

But while this is true, the great Ideal that They present to us is surely one which we may well endeavour to some extent to reproduce in our lives; for just in proportion as we can extend our knowledge, and deepen, refine and make sensitive our emotions, so are we gradually evolving along the line which at last shall bring us closer to Their perfection. And in this article I wish to urge the infinite importance to each one of us, as member of the Society, as member of the nation or the home, of trying to join together and to evolve in our own life these two aspects of the far-reaching and the detailed sensitive and tender feeling towards each. In the proportion that we reach the Wisdom, which is the realisation of the One Life, so also must be the proportion with which we manifest the Love, which is the unity of that Wisdom manifesting itself in the diversity of forms; for just as Wisdom recognises that all lives are one, so does the separate life—realising that Wisdom and yet the infinite variety of separate forms—try to draw its own enveloping form towards the other envelopes of the Soul. The drawing



together of the forms by the Life is that which we know as Love; so that the Wisdom of the buddhic plane is the Love of the emotional plane. And as that Wisdom begins to bud on the higher plane its aspect in our emotions must flower in proportion. It is this recognition in our own lives of the duty of knowing, and of the duty of loving, which builds up that rounded perfection of character after which each one of us should strive. In the past we have naturally evolved in a lop-sided manner; we have evolved perhaps strongly in the direction of knowledge or strongly in the direction of love and sympathy. It is our duty, now that we are beginning to understand things better, to take our emotions into our own hands and our evolution under our own control; we should see that these two things that seem so different down here are really but two aspects of the same Life as manifested on the higher planes of being. And as we see this intellectually and try to realise it emotionally, we shall be developing the type of character which approaches to the possibility of Initiation into the Higher Life, we shall be preparing ourselves for that growth of wisdom which makes possible the opening of our eye on the buddhic plane.

Now, one great obstacle that we find in our way, both with regard to the growth of our knowledge and to the refining and deepening of our emotions, is the obstacle of changeableness in ourselves, that

which we sometimes speak of as our changing moods. And these are very curious and strange; curious, because they seem to alter our whole attitude towards the very things of which really our certainty is the most profound; strange, because of the enormous power which they wield over us. On what we call an April day, when clouds and sunshine are rapidly succeeding one another, we see a landscape at one moment dark, then bright; then a portion shines out brightly while another portion is clouded, and so on; as the clouds and sunshine change so the whole appearance of things, either shadowed or illuminated, alters; the stream which shines like silver in the sunlight rolls grey and dull beneath the cloud. We see these changes and we know that they are due to the cloud and the sunrays succeeding one another in relation to these things, so that the relation between them is that which changes and makes the immense difference in appearance. And so with us. These moods which have such immense power over us, which influence us so profoundly, are the changing clouds and sunshine of the intellectual and the emotional temperaments—it is chiefly to the emotional temperament that these changing moods must be traced. For although it is perfectly true that so far as the intellect is concerned it is sometimes alert and sometimes sluggish, sometimes quick to grasp and sometimes slow, sometimes inclined to labour and sometimes to be idle, those changes are really not of

the essence of the intellectual nature at all, but only that of the intellectual nature as it works beneath the clouds or sunshine that come to it by contact with the emotional plane. When we want to deal with these moods which sweep over us we must trace them to their origin in the region of the emotions, and learn how they can be dealt with there.

I put side by side the moods of sunshine and of cloud because the sunshiny condition is quite as much a mood as the cloudy one—they go together, a pair of opposites, and if we watch ourselves, we find that just in proportion to the depth and completeness of the depression of one time is the brightness and completeness of the sunshiny mood of another. People who do not sink low in depression do not rise high in elation, while those who at one time are in a state of brilliant delight are those who at another sink down to the very depths of depression. It is a question of the swing of the emotions, and, just as in the swing of a pendulum, the further it swings one side the further it will swing on the other side of the middle point, so it is also with our emotions. Now this is one of the marked peculiarities of western peoples, and we have it very largely from being born in western nations. For it is a very marked peculiarity that as we travel eastwards this great changeability of moods largely disappears—not entirely, but so much so that it is scarcely perceptible when one is accustomed to the immense changes which sweep

over the western nature, and it is a point which I often observed during my stay in India. I have found it has been for myself a matter of difficulty and continued struggle to reach the kind of equability of mood which seems almost the natural condition of the ordinary cultivated Indian mind. I do not, of course, know at all intimately the people of other eastern nations, but I should imagine from much that I have heard that this equability is also found among the people on the other side of the Indian Peninsula.

This equability of mood is an immense advantage ; it prevents a person from being thrown continually off his feet either in one direction or another, and if he is devoted to any particular ideal at one time you may expect to find him devoted to that when you meet him perhaps at long intervals. We, on the other hand, continually find that our attitude changes, so far as our emotions are concerned, to our ideals. And our moods change not only with reference to our ideals ; I should like also to pause for a moment on certain moods which come to us that do not affect us so deeply, in order to clear them out of the way and distinguish them from the more important moods.

Now, first of all, we have a certain amount of changeability of moods caused by the nerves. Very often depression or elation, irritability or calm, are matters very largely dependent on the state of the physical nerves. And those who are students of their own nature should try to divide off the moods of that

kind from those of a more serious nature. These things are to be conquered, to be got rid of definitely by a certain amount of reasonableness, common-sense and understanding. First we must separate them from the others; we must see how far our nervous condition is at the root of our changing moods—a little extra tension of the nerves, a little extra fatigue, a little less of sleep, will make all the difference in this type of moods. When we recognise that for responsible beings it is a thing of which to be ashamed, we should try to get beyond them by endeavouring to keep our bodies as healthy as possible, a duty to ourselves and to those around us; if the body is out of sorts then necessarily, unless we are very strong, there will be this nervous reaction on our moods. We may be strong enough to prevent it; we cannot be strong enough to work against it as if the nerves were in good order. And one necessity is the deliberate measuring of our strength and fitting what we do to that measure. It is not a question of the amount of work, but of the proportion between the amount of work and our ability to do it; the amount of work one can do will be different from what another can do, and it is no use to judge by the amount of work; we must judge the power of the person to do the work without being thrown into an' overstrained condition. There is where common-sense and wisdom come in. My own rule for marking out my work is simply to see how much out of all the

claims upon me I can attend to, knowing what power I have at my disposal; and when I have marked that out, I do not go outside it, no matter how much people may blame me for not doing what they think I ought to do in attending to them—and that is often difficult, because it wants a certain amount of grim determination, when you have marked out what you have to do, not to let yourself be forced beyond it. Yet this is the right way for the Wisdom-student to act, not only because he has no right to break down in the service he is offering to his Master, but because it is not "duty" to do more than we are able to do, and that which is not duty is beating the air. That is an important lesson in occult teaching; we cannot effectively do more than it is our duty to do; if we try to do more, everything outside the duty is so much wasted time and work; it is mere folly to try to do it. There is also the great fact that by doing what is not our duty, we are preventing some one else from doing what is his duty, merely out of our own conceit. We often overstrain ourselves because we think we are the only people who can do this work. As a matter of fact there are many people who can do it. This lesson in occult economy is one I recommend to all who are apt to overstrain themselves and break down. It is a blunder in practice and hinders the evolution of those around us; they must evolve as well as we, and we have no right to take away from them their fair opportunities of growth

by service. These overstrained nerves from overwork are things that should be looked on as absolutely wrong.

Let us put aside that sort of moods, and take another kind, which is very often very distressing, but would be less so if rightly understood. I mean, those that come from our increasing sensitiveness to super-physical conditions, before we are sufficiently evolved to recognise what those influences are. As we evolve our astral bodies, they not only receive more impressions from the astral plane but pass them on more to the physical body, and so we find a mood of great depression coming over us for which we cannot in any way account. Now very often such a mood is simply an overshadowing from the astral plane with which we have really no more to do ourselves than the stream which is shadowed by the cloud has directly to do with the cloud. These clouds come over us from the astral plane, sometimes because one we love at a distance is suffering, sometimes because some misfortune is on its way to us and the shadow foreruns it—we have seen and felt it on the astral plane before it comes into view on the physical. Sometimes it is that there are troubles, not of those immediately connected with us, but of those in our neighbourhood, setting up some vibrations to which we unconsciously and sympathetically respond, and the wider our sympathies the more liable to depressions of this kind are we. People, for instance, who

feel strongly about public matters, who are deeply interested in the welfare of large numbers of their fellowmen, such people would feel very heavy depression sometimes from public calamities which are impending or going on at the time. Take, for instance such a thing as the trouble caused by a great strike. Many people who do not suffer directly from it, who are not in themselves physically suffering directly, might get clouds of depression coming over them from the actual sufferings of the people under depression at the time, and so with many public events either coming or present.

What, then, can a person do when a mood of this sort comes along? The only way I know of meeting those is by the clear, definite recognition of the law; the feeling that nothing can come to us or to others which is not within that law, the feeling that whatever comes is working to a good purpose and for a good end, the intense inner conviction that just as when a trouble comes and we see it and understand it we deliberately train ourselves to accept it and live through it, so we are to deal with these vaguer and obscurer things. We need not let the vagueness overpower us; we should not let the obscurity blind us to the working of the law; and we should habitually cultivate the frame of mind which faces everything that may come with fearlessness, remembering that great truth written in an eastern Scripture: "Brahman is fearless," and those who share His nature



should also share His fearlessness. The cultivation of a spirit that is without fear is one of the very best things any one of us can do. To face the world knowing it is full of cloud and sunshine, and to be willing to pass through each in turn, refusing when the feeling of depression comes to let it master us, recognising it as a shadow thrown upon us from outside, and declining to allow that shadow to influence the light that is within. That clear recognition that many of the clouds of depression are simply from the astral plane, the dealing with them as impulses that affect us from that region, the looking at them in this light, calmly and deliberately, will generally remove them from our path, and make them take their proper place as simply interesting psychological facts which we do not permit to disturb or affect our serenity.

These, then, are what I may call the less important moods: those that come from the nervous system, and those that come down upon us from the astral region. And all of you who are anxious to become more sensitive and to develop the inner psychical faculties, might consider, when dealing with these moods of depression, how, if you are affected by them, you would face the things which are casting these shadows; how, say, physical life would be carried on, if you had continually in mind all these incidents on the astral plane which in the mere shadow cast down on the waking consciousness have so much power to depress;

because until you have grown entirely beyond being affected by such moods, until you have got rid of that lack of confidence in the law which makes it possible for these to affect you so strongly, it is better that your eyes should remain closed. It would be impossible for you to have a moment's peace or quiet, if that wider life pressed upon you, and if you could see on the one side all its troubles with the wondering how to meet them, and on the other all its joys with the inevitable elation and impatience that those joys would bring.

Passing from the less important to the more important moods, what is it in us which at one time makes us full of enthusiasm and at another quite different? Why, to put it plainly, at one time does our Theosophical work appear to us as the one thing that makes life worth living and at another (if we speak perfectly honestly to ourselves) we do not care a bit about it, we have neither love for it nor wish to be in it. I know that is a strong way of putting it, but I do not think it is too strong; I have felt this myself time after time. It is a hard and difficult mood to be in, mostly because it is a mood that makes people think they have gone suddenly back in evolution, or made some tremendous failure; it is nothing of the kind, and what is more, these feelings of not caring for, or of indifference towards, our ideals are not of themselves of any importance. What is important is our conduct under them; what we *feel* does not matter much, how

we act under the sway of feelings matters immensely, and that is the real test of enthusiasm. Do we, when we do not care, act exactly as if we did? Are we strong enough, when we feel that everything is dead, to go on exactly as if everything were pulsing with the most vivid life? Can we work as strenuously, serve as completely, devote ourselves as utterly, when the ideal is dim and vague as when it is brilliant and filling our life with light? If we can do this, our devotion is worth something; if we cannot, there is still much to learn. And this is one of the thoughts I would like to arouse in all of us, because these changes of mood are not possible to escape until we have risen very high. I do not know, in fact, how high it is necessary to rise in order to get quite beyond those stages in which the attitude in feeling to the ideal appears to change.

And how shall we meet these moods? First, I think, by a recognition of what is called the law of rhythm, which H. P. B., in *The Secret Doctrine*, puts as one of the fundamental truths; and yet it is a law which few people understand at all, apparently, in its bearing on themselves. What are these moods of enthusiasm and indifference but the inevitable working of this law of periodicity? These moods must take their part in our emotional and intellectual life—as inevitably as night and day, as necessary as night and day. A person who was without these changes would be like a person who is either always in the night or always in the day. But the wise man should endeavour to bring

the day into the night and the night into the day, and that brings about what is often called the Higher Indifference, an equability that is maintained under all conditions. It is not that the night and day cease to follow each other; it is not that the darkness and light do not still fall upon the soul; but that the soul, recognising them, is no longer affected by them, feels them without being shaken by them, experiences them without confusing them with himself.

We will recognise then this law of periodicity, that the changes will come, and we will be ready to meet them. When the mood of indifference comes, we will quietly say to ourselves: "I was very enthusiastic for a considerable time; necessarily now I must feel the reverse." The moment we are able to say that and think it, the power of the darkness over us lessens; the darkness is there as before, but we have separated ourselves from it; we see it as an external thing which does not flood the recesses of the soul, we realise it as something belonging to the lower changing astral body. And by that very act of separation, by the recognition of the law that is working and that is good in its working, we remember the day in the darkness of the night, and we remember the darkness of night in the day. Some people do not care to remember the darkness during the period of light. But if they want to gain power over both they must do so. They must check the mood of over-elation quite as much as the mood of over-depression. The

mood of lightness is more dangerous than the mood of darkness; it contains more perils, for it is just in the time when we feel most elated that we do the things that afterwards we wish we had not done, and lose that vigilance which the pressure of the darkness makes us maintain. The sentry is less careful in the light than in the night-time, and sometimes, therefore, more easily surprised. Most of the slips we make are in the time of brightness rather than in the time of darkness. Understanding the law of rhythm, then, is the first step towards becoming master of our moods.

The next step is the intellectual one, which definitely recognises that the ideal which is beautiful at one time must be beautiful still, although its charm for us may have vanished. That which is beauty cannot cease to be beauty because our eyes are blinded. We shall bring the clear light of the intellect to bear on the clouds, we shall realise that that which, when our sight was clear, was seen to be good is good, no matter what clouds may sweep around it. And just as the mariner takes his bearings by the sun and by the stars when he is able to see them because they are not covered by clouds, but steers by these bearings afterwards when the clouds have covered the sky, so should we, when the emotional clouds are absent, take our bearings by the sun and by the stars of Beauty and of Truth, and then steer our course by those when the clouds have

hidden them, knowing that these everlasting lights change not, although clouds may hide them and storm and darkness be around.

To understand, then, the law of periodicity, to base our ideals on the intellect and not only on the emotions (for the intellect stands by us when the emotions fail), these are two of our greatest means of becoming calm and peaceful in the midst of these changing moods. Then the steady attempt day by day to realise ourselves as the Eternal and the Changeless, and to put aside as not ourselves everything in us which is changing—that is the practice which leads us beyond the moods into peace. We must make it part of our daily thought. Let us give one minute, or a couple of minutes, in the morning, to this definite recognition: "I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self." Let us say it over, dwell upon it until it becomes a constant music in life, which we can hear at every moment when we turn our ears aside from the noise and tumult of the streets. Let us make it the habitual thought, and it will become in time the ruling thought, so that always there will be playing in us the idea: "I am the Changeless, the Eternal Self." The strength of that! The beauty of it! The glory of it! No one can even dream of it save those who for a moment have felt it. If we could always live in that, we should be as Gods walking the earth: even glimpses of it seem to bring the peace and the beauty of Divinity into our petty and sordid lives.

And it is not so difficult a thing to think of this each morning, and it is worth doing it. As we continually think, that we will become. All the Sages have so taught. All the Scriptures of the world proclaim it : as the man thinks so he is. And this thought is of all the truest thought, the most absolutely true that can enter into the mind. We are the Self, the living, the eternal, and the changeless. That is the thought, then, that means peace, the thought which makes all the moods unable to do any real harm, to change our steps in life. That they will not come, I do not say, but we shall not blunder by identifying them with ourselves. We shall no longer feel: "I am happy," "I am unhappy," "I am in light," "I am in darkness." We shall say, when we feel that this lower sheath, this lower mind, is in the darkness or light, is happy or unhappy, is depressed or glad : "Let me see what I can learn from that changing experience, what useful lesson for myself or for the helping of others I can win from this experience through which the lower part of me is passing." For that, after all, is what we are here for, to learn what is to be learnt through these lower principles, which are so changing, so volatile, so irrational, so foolish. We hold them because they are valuable for the lessons that they can pass on to us ; and how should we ever be able to help others, who are the victims of the moods, unless we ourselves experienced those moods, and experienced

them when we were separate from them ? So long as we are their victims we cannot help others, but if we did not feel them we should not be able to help others any the more ; for if we did not feel with them, we could not sympathise with them and therefore could not help. And that also I have noticed in the same eastern people I was speaking of before. They often fail in sympathy, because they do not experience the changes which would make them able to understand and thereby able to help. It is well that we should know by experience the pains which others suffer, but also well that we should learn to know them so that we can study them ourselves and not be conquered by them. As long as we are conquered we cannot be helpers. We have to learn at once to conquer and also to help, to feel enough to sympathise but not enough to blind. And suppose we could look at our own moods from this standpoint we should find that at once almost they had lost their power to sweep us completely off our feet. We should find we were becoming separate by the very fact of the analysis we were carrying on ; and although at first it seems an intellectual exercise we should find it a step towards realisation, we should feel ourselves apart in the very effort to imagine ourselves apart. Then we reach that higher point so often spoken of in *The Bhagavad-Gītā*—to be above the pairs of opposites, above the *gunas*, and also able to use them. For these



are the great forces of the world which are affecting ourselves. These are the great energies of nature by which all is brought about that she brings about in her vast workings. While we are moved by them we are their slaves; when we begin to control them we can turn them to the noblest ends.

These moods of ours that seem so troublesome are really our best teachers, and as we learn that we shall value them rather than dislike them or shrink from them. We shall feel that they are only our enemies while they are unsubdued, according, again, to a great phrase which says: "To the unsubdued self, the Self verily becometh hostile as an enemy." The fact is that all these storms and whirlpools around us in the lower self are the very things that we have come into the world to live amongst in order that we may understand and use them; the things that we think are enemies are our best friends, they are the things that enable us to grow, that give us power to rule. The more we thus look on all in the clear light of the Wisdom, the more peaceful will our lives become; the more these moods are used to understand others for the helping of them, the more shall we rise above them as enemies until they become our friends. It is a great and a true saying: "We have never conquered our enemy until we have turned him into our friend." That is true of the lower self, it is true of all the surging emotions, it is true of all the difficulties around us, of all the trials and the ordeals through which we pass.

We see them as serried hosts opposing our onward path; we conquer them, and find that they are great hosts behind us, ready to be led by us, into the battle which shall win the victory of the Self.

These are some of the lessons that I have learned in the light and in the darkness, and far more in the darkness than in the light. So that I have come to think that the times of light are only valuable as times of rest to prepare one for higher struggles and for greater conquests, and to look on the darkness as the welcome time, the time in which the Masters best are served, the time in which the world is lifted a little higher towards the Light. But it becomes true for us all at last that darkness is as light and light as darkness; it becomes true for us at last that darkness has no power to appal and no power to depress, that we know that those who would bring the light must be those who live in the dark, that the torch that sends its fire out around itself is but a dark piece of wood, and in the burning of the dark wood the light comes to others, but not to itself. How shall we be able to go into the darkness of all Christs who have saved the world, except by learning to bear the passing darknesses which creep over us from time to time? The greatest lesson of all that we have to learn, the lesson that it is the one privilege of life to learn, and learn perfectly, is the lesson that those who would help the world must go below the world and lift it on their shoulders, that those who would

bring the sunshine to others must accept the shadow and cloud for themselves. But in the cloud there is a fire, and in the fire there is the voice of the stillness, and only those who have the courage to enter into the cloud find therein the light which is the glory of the Self; they see the Flame, they know themselves as the bearers in the world of the Flame that illuminates, and they learn to know that the darkness and the light are both alike, because they are equally divine, because without the one the other could not be.

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# The Fourth Dimension

A LECTURE  
BY  
**C. W. LEADBEATER**

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## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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The subject of which I have to speak today is not easy; but I consider that those here gathered are advanced students who are willing to take the necessary trouble to master it. The idea of a fourth dimension is one which, while not limited to Theosophy alone, helps very much to the better understanding of some theosophical teachings.

In the teachings of Theosophy much is said of the working of consciousness on planes other than this. Although this expression is very well known to us, one who has no experience of the consciousness on even the next (the astral) plane, cannot understand it perfectly. The reason for the fact lies in this, that they try to comprehend the idea of a fourth dimension from a description given them in words and language of the physical plane. However eloquent a description may be given, the idea cannot be conveyed in the language of a lower plane. All that one can do is to indicate the main points, in such a way so that one who has a little experience of that condition can deduce the whole. For instance, when you look at the picture of a landscape, the picture will give you an idea of how the landscape would appear were you to see it; because you have seen other landscapes, and your mind knows the general characteristics. If you showed the picture to one who had never seen a landscape in nature, he would not understand how a landscape looked in reality; because a picture is misleading in all particulars. The lines and angles in the picture cannot, in fact, be the exact reproduction of the corresponding ones in nature, because the landscape is not drawn as it is in reality, but only as it appears to man, from a certain standpoint. So if

you were unable to perceive the shortcomings in the proportions, etc., of the picture, you would have an erroneous conception of the landscape. In the same way, with the best intentions, we do frequently receive wrong impressions of the higher planes of nature, through no fault of ours, but because of the inherent difficulty of the subject.

The benefit derived by us from the study of the fourth dimension is that it gives a key to a certain class of minds for a conception of the real conditions on the astral plane. Some who have made a study of this subject have tried with their physical brains to conceive some of the simplest forms which belong to this higher order of space. As far as they have succeeded, they grasped something of the reality concerning the forms on the astral plane, this resulting in a wider range of ideas and a larger conception of the real meaning of life and space. This particular mode of reaching this clearer conception of things is not recommended to all. There are many to whom this subject seems incomprehensible and not worth the while to be studied. To others, who have perhaps a mathematical turn of mind and a considerable amount of intuition, it appeals strongly and proves of much advantage.

Of course this subject may be treated in many different ways. As far as I am concerned, my own interest was aroused by reading the books of Hinton, and I purpose giving you an outline of what he has written. If I may perhaps awaken in one of you enough interest in this subject so that he will give some time to its study, my trouble will be rewarded. Hinton is not a member of the Theosophical Society, and I think he has no idea that through the study of the higher spaces he approaches the sensing of the astral plane. However, that is the case, and the astral plane corresponds with the four-dimensional space.

Before I proceed, it is perhaps important that I point out to some of the old pupils amongst you something that H.P.B. has written upon the subject.

You will find that she refers to the fourth dimension as an absurdity, and says it is but another way to describe the interpenetration of matter. I think that when she wrote this she thought only of what we call the etheric vision, because really what she says there of "astral vision" is perfectly true of the etheric vision, whilst that which can be said of the fourth dimension is quite something else and agrees with the nature of the astral plane. I have touched upon this point to avoid possible confusion to those who have read H.P.B.'s reference, and to show that there is no contradiction between us in fact, because we are each speaking about different things. I shall try to avoid technical terms as much as possible, and to present the subject, which is not easy, as simply and clearly as I can.

Our conception of *space* includes in fact the idea of *limit*. This is recognized by most of the great writers on this subject, anyway in the East. You will find that they speak repeatedly of a consciousness surpassing time and space. You notice that they regard time and space as limits of the consciousness, not as necessary and really existing. To many this seems mere nonsense. I cannot help it. It is a real fact, although I will not say that it is easy to make this fact clear to people here on this physical plane. But all who are able to raise their consciousness to the higher planes of nature know that time and space, as we know them, do not exist in some of those higher spheres. All space as we know it on this plane—all, in fact, that we mean when we speak of space—is limited to three dimensions. You know length, breadth, and height, and you cannot think of a direction which cannot be related to one or more of those three directions.

If I wish to move from a point here by my foot to a point in the corner to the right above in this room, then I can do this by a combination of three movements in three directions, which make right angles with each other, in the direction of length, breadth,



and height. First, I can move myself straight to the wall, then along the base of that wall to the right till in the corner, and then upward to the ceiling. Those three "dimensions" have the characteristic that each line is perpendicular upon the two others. In your ordinary consciousness you cannot think of another line which is perpendicular to each of those three. You cannot think of it,—but that does not prove that some such thing does not exist, but only that it is unimaginable for us. The only way for us to learn to know something about it is to reason along the line of correspondence, and try to think of a being whose consciousness is more limited than ours. We can perceive three dimensions; let us imagine a being that can only perceive two. If such beings exist we do not know it; it is possible that the consciousness of some microbes is only such, but we do not know anything about it. You must now think of such a being living on a surface. Suppose you have that being on a sheet of paper, and that it lived and was able to move over the paper but was not able to go above it or below it. You understand that for this creature that sheet of paper is the whole world, and that he cannot have any conception, even, of what you mean by going up and down. He will only be able to move along the surface of the paper; all his movements will be limited to two directions. Although he lives on the surface of a sheet of paper, he does not know that it is only a surface; to him it is his world; a surface of the thickness of an atom is for him the world in which he lives. Now, imagine that this creature could reason; even then he could not reason over an up-and-down movement, because he has no conception of what we mean by that expression.

Let us now try to understand, if we can, what change this condition would bring in his conception of life. First, notice that the question of size has nothing to do with it. We have thought of this being on a small sheet of paper, but that does not matter; we could just as well have thought of a sheet some

miles long. What we want to know is this: what is the limit of consciousness of this being, in contrast with ours, in consequence of the fact that he lives in only two dimensions?

First, we notice that a line drawn on the paper would be an unsurmountable obstacle. When you draw a line on the paper, that line divides his world into two perfectly separated parts, and he knows of no way to go from one part into another. For we supposed that his world had only the thickness of one atom and so shut off entirely his world. Thus you can have on one sheet of paper two worlds, next to each other, and our little creature would be entirely unconscious of everything that happens at the other side of that line.

You, however, regard this sheet of paper in space of three dimensions, and you can take something from one part and bring it into the other. If you draw a square around the little creature, then he is enclosed in it; that square, then, is a limited space from which he cannot escape. Each like limited figure would be, for him, according to its size, a closed room or box. You in your world of three dimensions can take him from that closed room and put him outside, or take an object from outside and put that down in his room. When you keep an object in a closed box you can take it out; or you can put something else with it; but for him this is a wonder. He knows of no way that something could approach him but along the surface of his own world; you, however, can let drop an object in every part of his world; for him that would be a terrible appearance, which he could not explain in any way.

With little trouble you could also overthrow his ideas concerning distance. Suppose that you marked a point on one edge of the paper and a point on the opposite edge. For him there is the entire world between those points. Now you bend the paper and bring those points very near each other, almost touching. Do not forget that he does not know that his

world can be bent; for him those two points are just as distant from each other as before. Now you could let those points touch; then he would say, "I know that this point is very far from me, and anyway it is near me!" You see that in that way you, with your knowledge of three dimensions, could confuse a being which knows only about two. Now you know that tricks are played on us very often that same way: the phenomena we have described, happening to a being of two dimensions, happen also to us, and are for us who work in three dimensions just as inexplicable. Everyone who has inquired into spiritism and its phenomena knows that some such things happen; they know, for instance, that it is not extraordinary that an object is taken from a box in which it was locked, or that someone appears in a closed room and then vanishes in a mysterious way. The person who appears may be materially on the other side of the earth or be somebody of another plane. That does not matter; he appears suddenly and you call him an "apparition." Now there are two different ways in which those, for us so remarkable, phenomena can be explained. One of those ways would be the hypothesis of a fourth dimension; this would be a very natural explanation of the facts. Then you need not accept any "supernatural" explanation of laws of nature, but only a new application of things which we know already in another way.

Let us look at the question now from another point of view. Suppose you have a straight line two inches long. If your inch is the unit of length, then you can represent that line by the number two. This line is, according to geometry, produced by the moving of a point in a certain direction. If you move this line in a direction perpendicular to itself for a distance of two inches, then you produce a square by that movement. This square you can represent mathematically by the number  $2^2$  (two square). Suppose you move this square at right angles to itself for a distance of two inches, then you get a cube of which

the lines are two inches long. This cube can be represented mathematically by the number  $2^3$  (two cube). So here you have three figures, produced by movements which correspond to each other: the point produces a line; the line a square; the square a cube; besides, those three figures correspond mathematically with the numbers  $2^1$ ,  $2^2$ ,  $2^3$ .

Geometrically you cannot continue the same operation, but mathematically you can raise the number two to the fourth power, or any power desired. Those mathematical expressions must correspond with something in geometry. Thus, what is the shape of the solid that would correspond to the figure  $2^4$ ? Because it is a shape we cannot materially demonstrate, we must try to imagine what kind of a solid it might be. The endeavor to imagine this figure is an attempt to attain the knowledge of the fourth dimension, not from the point of a Theosophist, but from that of a mathematician. In order to understand what are the factors in our problem, we must trace how each of the figures is deduced from the former.

First we notice, then, that although it is perfectly true that the surface of the square, of which the side is given as two can be represented by  $2^2$ , the unit of that square is very different from the unit of the line. You speak, for instance, of a line of two inches, when you use the common unit of length. Now when you want to indicate the square, which is the result of the movement of that line, then you must multiply the number 2, but then the unit you used becomes quite another one. You perceive that no amount of units of the first kind could ever compose a single unit of the second kind.

What is our definition of a line? A line is a length without breadth. No number of mathematical lines could ever make a square, because they have no breadth.

The same is the case with the square, which produces a cube by moving. What is our square? It is a figure which has length and breadth, but no thick-

ness. No number of squares, piled on top of each other, would ever make a cube.

You will notice that we have each time another unit. This is very important.

A second point to be noticed is that each point of the figure in process of production (not only from its ends, but also from its every point) produces its corresponding line. When you move a line, each of its points makes a line whilst the whole line produces a square. Just so, by moving a square, which produces a cube, every point, not only from the four lines which you would draw to form a square, but also every point of the whole surface which is described by these four lines, produces a straight line. This is one of the hundred cases in which we are likely to be misled by the appearance, by what we would call in India, Maya.

You draw a square and think that is all of its limits; but you notice that when you ascend to a higher plane, no point of the inside of the figure remains hidden from you. When your line moves, every point describes a line in such a way that no point of one of those lines can be covered by a point of another.

When you apply all this to the moving of a cube, what, then, shall this figure produce when it moves in a new direction—in a fourth dimension, as it is called? The first thing we must understand is that this new figure, whatever it may be, cannot be measured by a measure we know of; that no number of cubes can make such a figure, because it has a fourth measure, not peculiar to any cube.

I will not go into particulars to work this point out any more; that is done in the book of Hinton, and I will give you now only some of his results.

He calls the new figure a *tesseract*, and says that it has sixteen points, thirty-two lines, twenty-four surfaces, and is bounded by eight cubes; just as a line is bounded by two points, a square by four lines, and a cube by six surfaces, whilst the last shows twelve lines and eight points.

Now, when we see a similar figure, what impression would it make on us? It would seem to us a cube. Think of your creature of two dimensions, how could he see a cube? You would put, for instance, the cube on a plane; then he could move around it and say, "See, here is a square. It has suddenly arrived, I don't know from where, but I do know it is a square." That is as far as his understanding would take him; he could not in the least comprehend what you mean by a cube. You see he can only present the object to himself in terms of his own limited consciousness. In the same way would you see a tesseract here on the physical plane as a cube. How, then, can we, with our limited consciousness, get an idea of the real appearance of that figure? Those among you who have studied embryology know how the development of the embryo in different stages is investigated. The investigator takes eggs in different stages of incubation and cuts them through; those sections he examines under the microscope. In each section we see only a very small part of the form of the embryo. By combining, then, the thought-images of all different sections, he gets out of those images of two dimensions, an idea of the form of the embryo, which has three dimensions. So, if you wished to give to a two-dimensional being an idea of a three-dimensional object, you would have to do it by means of a series of two-dimensional sections, and he would have to try to combine those thought-images of all those sections and exert his imagination to conceive of something that goes beyond his conception. This, now, is what we must do when we want to represent to ourselves only the simplest of four-dimensional figures. We would have to think of a series of sections, and those sections would be for us space-figures—cubes and the like.

Now you understand that although we are seemingly surrounded by only three-dimensional objects, all those objects, or some, have, *if*, there is a four-dimensional space, four dimensions, while we only

see what our limitations permit us. So, for example, all our fellow creatures may be four-dimensional beings. There may be, then, as I believe to be the case, much more in each than we can see. You might be, here on this plane, only a very common person, but one who could see in the fourth dimension the unknown part, that which we call "soul," might see a much higher development.

Hinton, in his book, gives many beautiful examples of conditions which could exist in a world of four dimensions, and I would like to picture one to you, although I fear it will not be easy. Let us return to a being of two dimensions, which moves on a surface.

Instead of the surface of a piece of paper or card, he thinks of a thin sheet of wax as representing this world of two dimensions; and further, he thinks this wax to have the faculty of closing up when you have made a hole in it. Imagine, now, that you pass a thread through this surface and move the thread. It would make a hole which your being of two dimensions could perceive, and in moving the thread (we supposed that the wax closed up behind the thread), the hole also moves. This is all he could perceive of your thread.

Suppose, now, your thread is so thin that he perceives it only as a point. The movement of the thread, which you hold above and below the surface, would manifest itself to him in the moving of the point. Imagine now, instead of one thread, a whole system of threads, which moves through this world of wax; and think of those threads, not as parallel lines, but as running in different directions, some crossing, some knotted, forming all kinds of angles with each other.

Remember now, that by moving this collection of threads, every thread will be a moving point for your two-dimensional being. He would notice the phenomenon as a great number of points, separated from each other—atoms, or whatever you choose to call them—which move in what would be to him a veritable chaos, a mass of moving points which have no con-

nection with each other. The velocity with which a certain point moves depends upon the angle made by the thread in the surface. .

If you have a thread perpendicular to the plane, and you move the system only up and down, then will the point appear to be stationary, although the lines, in reality, move. A thread making a very small angle with the plane will make a point which moves with great swiftness. Suppose that two threads commence at opposite sides of the plane, but are fastened together at their other ends; then the points will move toward each other. Remember that your two-dimensional being cannot see anything but this chaos of moving points; but you, when looking from a higher dimension, see that the whole is a harmonious unit, which moves constantly in a certain direction, and not in all directions at once, as it appears to the two-dimensional being.

Now, suppose something like this should be the case with ourselves; that all the movement we see around us, all the entanglement and the lives of people, were really a part of one orderly world-system, just like all those entangled movements of points are parts of the movement of the entire thread-system. Hinton works out carefully this hypothesis, and shows that all phenomena known to science and related to the nature of the atoms, can be explained from this point of view.

I do not think it advisable to go further into this, for the subject is rather technical, and I would like to touch upon some other points; but they who study natural science will notice that it is worth while to see how the exact nature of the atoms of the physical plane can be deduced from this hypothesis. If the world is really built according to this system, then the atoms must have certain properties. The principal ones are: (1) permanence; (2) impenetrability; (3) inertia; and the conservation of energy is also a condition which must be satisfied. With those four laws as bases, we can build a whole world-system derived from the idea of the thread-system I



for example, of twenty-seven little cubes, so that there are in each direction three little cubes. Now you must try to see those cubes in their order, as they really are, independent of the way you see them from the outside and from your own particular point of view. You must only think of them in relation to each other, and not to the world outside them. You must not regard one cube as above the other; this conception only exists for you; in regard to the cubes themselves, there is no above or below. For, if you turn the whole thing, the cube which is now above would be below.

So it is, also, with the notion right and left. What is right from your standpoint, is left seen from another. Just so, every notion that has to do with your standpoint and attitude only, you must get rid of. You must think of the real connection between the cubes, and keep yourself entirely out of it. For most people it is not easy to entirely exclude the personality. Equally so the unselfishness on higher planes, of which this is only a mechanical illustration, is, for most people, not easy to attain. However, it must be attained before development can take place. Just as when you wish to progress on the spiritual plane you must rid yourself of all selfishness, equally so, in studying subjects like this, set aside your own point of view.

It is, as I said, no easy task to learn to see those things, and yet, for a mathematically inclined mind, which can clearly imagine figures, this way to learn is a more methodical process than any other. Starting from the knowledge science has given him, it leads a man to the conception of that higher world which must exist somewhere, even if it be out of his reach.

We, however, as students of Theosophy, know that it is within his reach; that everywhere around us is this unseen, this astral world. So when a man first learns to understand the fact in this abstract way, he can leave that, to proceed to real experience and practice. In any case, those contemplations give a new point of view, and the finding of new view-points cannot fail to widen one's perception.

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Art as a Factor in the Soul's  
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# Art as a Factor in the Soul's Evolution

*All real Art is the disimprisoned soul of Fact.*

—CARLYLE

It is difficult to define Theosophy with a phrase; but were one asked so to define it, perhaps one could hardly do better than say that it is a way of looking at the universe and man from the standpoint of their Creator. To look at everything from the standpoint of God and not of man—this is the gift that the Divine Wisdom bestows on those that cherish her. Hence it is that there is nothing in life that is not interesting to the Theosophist; the speck of dust on the ground, and the glowing nebulae in the heavens that are to form solar systems, the tiny living cell with its untold mysteries, and the Elder Brothers of our race that are the glory of our humanity—all these have their message for him and tell him something of Theosophy. Science, Art, Religion, and Philosophy, every conceivable branch of knowledge, is but a

means whereby he gains a glimpse of the Divine Wisdom that is the manifestation of the mind of God

With this old and yet ever new synthesis of life's activities to guide his vision, man looks on the universe with new eyes; he holds in his hands the key to the riddle of the universe, and even if when veil after veil is lifted there must be veil upon veil behind, yet each raising of a veil will only add glory to his vision.

With the first true glance into the real meaning of life that comes with the study of Theosophy in its modern presentation, three facts will ever stand insistent before the consciousness of man. Of these the first is that everywhere in the universe, at every conceivable point in space, and yet outside it all, there is a Consciousness, the expression of whose Will is the universe visible and invisible. Call it by what name we will, the fact is the same, God, Absolute Spirit, Divine Law—these are merely so many different ways of conceiving this truth. We may regard God, the one Consciousness behind all things, with many a philosopher as Pure Being, or as the Eternally Holy from the standpoint of religion, it will be the aim of this paper to point out the significance of yet another aspect as the Infinitely Beautiful.

It is this aspect that the divine Plato revealed to the world; and the few in Persia and India that follow the mystical philosophy of the Sūfis still attest to this day that it has not been altogether forgotten.

Furthermore, this consciousness or being of God manifests itself in the universe, we are told, in a trinity of threefold activity, symbolised in diverse ways in the world-religions; of these many trinities, which are symbols, one is taken for the purpose of this paper—that of Power, Wisdom and Mind. Usually this trinity is thought of as Power, Wisdom and Love; but Mind is here substituted for Love for the following reasons. As the words are here used a difference exists between Mind and Wisdom; mind it is that gathers facts of consciousness, analyses them, synthesises them, and thus slowly comes to certain conclusions, and finally to generalisation; through the workings of the mind there arises knowledge, as distinct from wisdom. But wisdom does not analyse or synthesise; the thing or law is known by another process, whose faint manifestation among us now is the intuition; it is known from within and not from without. When wisdom works, for an instant the duality between the knower and the thing known ceases, and the new fact of consciousness is gained from within.

Wisdom, then, is the second aspect of the Trinity. But in reality Wisdom is, to our consciousness, a flashing back and forth between a duality of Beauty and Love. There may be knowledge of a thing or person through the working of the mind, through reason, through judgment; but the wisdom of it arises when through a flash of what to us is love there arises a momentary identification of knower and

known, and with that the sensing of the Pattern or Archetype, the Beautiful-in-itself, of which the thing known is a particular manifestation. Beauty, then, cannot be separated from Love, nor Love from Beauty, for they are the inseparable dual manifestations in time and space of Wisdom.

The second great fact that is understood with the true vision of life is that everything in the universe is directed by intelligence. We realise that the scheme of life and activity that we call evolution is the result of a conscious direction, and that this direction is in accordance with a Plan made by a Master Mind. Facts of evolution from this standpoint assume a new significance, for evolution is the realisation in our world of consciousness of this divine Plan. Nature is not, then, blindly working to produce forms that will adapt themselves to changing conditions, but it is chaos that is being slowly and laboriously moulded into a cosmos after a Pattern that exists from the beginning of things.

This pattern is Plato's World of Ideas, in which exist the archetypes of things. In one of its aspects it is Kant's world of the things-in-themselves, out of space, time and causality; it is, too, the Divine Mind of Berkeley. What the general concept is to the particular, such is the relation of the archetypal world to our world of time and space.

Before the beginning of evolution, the Divine Mind conceives the archetypes of forms in which the divine

life is to manifest; but before man's consciousness which is an expression of that life can exist in full self-consciousness in the archetype, it must first slowly be conscious on a lower realm in the several manifestations of that archetype. Let us consider, for instance, what seems an evident fact, that it is in the scheme of evolution that the human soul is to be clothed in the future in an ideal form, perfectly beautiful and a full expression of the life within. The Divine Mind conceives the archetypal form, and thence it exists as an absolute reality in the World of Ideas. But a long process of evolution has to be gone through before this aim can be realised, and the human soul in full consciousness can take the archetypal form itself as its vehicle. First, the archetype is brought down from the World of Ideas into lower regions; when this happens, the archetype, that is the reality at the back of a general concept, at once manifests itself as many particulars; forms then are to be built up in matter with these particular manifestations as models. Furthermore, as self-consciousness in the human soul is first developed in the lowest realms of matter, these particular types will there appear; they will, perhaps, be hardly recognisable as particulars, for the virgin matter is difficult to mould and the forms will be of the roughest and crudest. But slowly, race after race, the guiding intelligences modify these crude manifestations one after another so as to perfect them; and thus the human



consciousness is taught to pass from a vehicle of one particular type to that of another and so slowly onwards to life in the archetype itself.

This, then, is the reason, when we consider the human form, that we can trace its broad outlines in the lowest vertebrata and the planning for it in yet earlier forms; the slow laborious march of evolution through one kingdom of nature after another, and in the human, through one race after another, is all but the work of teaching the divine life, that at our stage is the human soul, to grow in power, till it shall be able to exist in the archetypal form itself and so stand in the presence of God the Father as His perfect Son.

Similarly, too, just as there exists as the perfect vehicle of man's consciousness the archetypal form to which we are marching, so also are there archetypes behind all particulars, whether they be forms, emotions, or thoughts; and the work of evolution is to train man to live in these archetypal ideas and emotions, and not in their particulars, and so realise his divinity.

Three facts, it was stated, stand clearly before the student of Theosophy; of these, two have been mentioned; first, that there is in the universe behind all force and matter a Consciousness, omnipresent and eternally beneficent, call it by what names we will; and, second, that this Consciousness has at the beginning of things made a plan in accordance with which evolution is

being guided. The third follows from these two, and it is that man's duty is to understand what is this Plan and work in harmony with it, for his progress and happiness lie in that alone. It is the understanding of the Plan and the harmonious working with it that is the theme of this paper, showing in what way Art may be a means.

Now man, the child of God, is made in the image of God ; and just as there is in the Unity of the Divine Consciousness a trinity of manifestation, three similar aspects are found in man also. The divine trinity of Power, Wisdom and Mind, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, finds its reflection in man as Spirit, Intuition and Intelligence. In the growth of the soul the expansion of consciousness proceeds from below and hence the first to manifest in man is Intelligence ; and then what is designated by the term Intuition, which embodies in itself not only a sense of unity through love, but also the essence of Intelligence ; and finally, when man approaches perfection, Spirit manifests in all its power, containing within itself all that was the life and soul of Intuition and Intelligence.

Man's duty is to work with the divine Plan. But at first man's soul is but feebly conscious, with but little intelligence, and he finds himself united to an animal of much power that has been slowly built for him through the ages through the long process of evolution. The body and its energies are the vehicle of the soul, but they have come from the animal

world, bringing with them the animal tendencies of self-assertion and selfishness and the strong instinct for the need of a struggle for existence and self-preservation. Were man left alone to evolve by himself at this stage, progress would be infinitesimal, and indeed there would be far more a reversion to animal brutishness than an evolution to human virtue.

But man is not left alone to evolve; teachers and lawgivers, the perfected men of a past age, with a knowledge of the divine Plan, now appear and direct the growth of the souls of men. At first, very largely, an element of fear comes in the rules of guidance, for the only thing that the savage knows is that pain is to be avoided; he has only intelligence working in him, and only this can be appealed to; and the guiding rules are of such a nature that even his dim intelligence can assent to them, seeing how according to them transgression and pain follow in quick succession. There is, nevertheless, in him intuition, a higher faculty than intelligence; it is feeble, only a spark that has just come from the flame. This is a far more potent factor in the soul than the intelligence, and even at this early savage stage an appeal is made to this nascent Godhead within. Hence there are proclaimed to him dictates of altruism, proved more false than true within the limited experience of the dawning intelligence, such as, "Hatred ceases only by love," "Return evil with good," "Love thy enemies"; and we shall find that in

almost every savage community there exists or has existed this teaching of altruism, generally attributed to some mythical hero or god.

We must not forget this fact, that always in man, even at the lowest, there is within him something that can respond intuitively to the highest code of ethics and give assent thereto, though it may be almost impossible to put it into practice; it is this that shows the possibility that a human soul may evolve through good alone to possess in perfection and strength all those qualities of heart and mind that normally are strengthened, but not originated, in the struggle with temptation and evil. "There is a natural melody, an obscure fount, in every human heart. It may be hidden over and utterly concealed and silenced—but it is there. At the very base of your nature, you will find faith, hope, and love. He that chooses evil refuses to look within himself, shuts his ears to the melody of his heart, as he blinds his eyes to the light of his soul. He does this because he finds it easier to live in desires. But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked; the great waters are there in reality."

Slowly man evolves through experience. At first many experiences are required to teach him one law; he has but the intelligence to work with, and many isolated experiences does he go through before there rises in his mind the generalisation that is the law of conduct or the truth of nature. Life after life he

lives on earth making slow progress, slowly generalising, one at a time, the immutable laws of things. At first, carried away by the impetuosity of the desires of his earthly garment, he is unjust to many, and through that reaps much suffering, the result of his injustice to others; but slowly there arises in his mind the idea of justice as a law of his being. Again, too, being the slave of "the will to live," and with a fierce thirst for sensation, he goes to extremes, recoiling from excess of one kind of sensation or emotion to excess of other kinds, suffering much in the process and learning but little; but still gradually, as the outcome of his experiences of pleasure and pain, there arises within him another law of being, temperance. Similarly, too, through refusal to recognise the just bounds that are imposed upon him by the eternal laws, through impatience to obtain what is not yet his due, he brings suffering on others by these means, and himself suffering in return, he slowly learns patience—patience to plan and to achieve and to suffer without complaining.

Each of the virtues that the man learns throughout his many lives becomes a law of his being; it is a generalisation from many particular experiences, but when once generalised is his own for ever, a part of himself; and in so far as he thus generalises, he gets a glimpse of the divine Plan in which the generalisations exist as archetypal ideas.

We now see the usual method of evolution; man learns the immortal virtues through experience. But experience is a slow teacher, for many particular experiences, requiring perhaps many lives on earth, are needed to instil into the man's soul one truth; is this the only method of building into our inner natures the virtues of Loyalty, Honour, Purity, Sincerity, and the others? Were there no other method, evolution would achieve too little at the expense of much energy dissipated.

There is, however, another way. Man has not only the one aspect of intelligence; there is a higher one of intuition—Buddhi is the name we give to it in our Theosophical studies. Beauty and love are its dual manifestation, but through either it is awakened. When, then, a man lives his lives on earth and loves a few here and there with whom he comes into contact, the Buddhi, the soul of intuition, grows within him. For love, in truth, manifests the immortality within, for it is a desire for the everlasting possession of the good and the beautiful.

Here, then, is a new factor to help his evolution. Intuition transcends reason; wisdom comes from its exercise, not merely knowledge, as from mind; intuition generalises from within and not from without, not through many particulars, but by sensing the archetype itself. We see thus a new method of realising the virtues, through their archetypes, the divine Ideas themselves, a method

by which evolution can be hastened by anticipating experience. Man thenceforward begins to live in the eternal.

Now we can understand the place of Art as a factor in the soul's evolution. Art, in its highest manifestation, always deals with the archetypes "Its one source is the knowledge of Ideas; its one aim the communication of this knowledge" (Schopenhauer). Music, the Drama, Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, and the other branches of Art, in so far as they show us types of life and form, are true manifestations of Art; in so far as they fall short of this, they are but playing with fleeting shadows.

The divine Ideas are archetypes of natural things, objects and forms that manifest in the orderly process of nature, as a result of the unseen forces that guide evolution; the beauty in them is a reflection of the beauty of the archetypes. We have, however, many things of man's manufacture that may be beautiful—lovely designing and ornamentation, work in silver and gold.

Now it does not follow that because we postulate the Idea, or archetype, for such a natural object as a tree or a flower, that there is of a necessity an archetype for an artificial manufactured article like a chair or a table or a book; nevertheless these latter may be beautiful, if in them the artist tries to embody reflections of several concepts of the archetypal world, such as grace, rhythm, harmony.

When the artist deals with a natural thing, he must try to sense the archetype; if he paints a rose, he must suggest to us through its species the particular conception, a rose, and through that the archetypal idea, flower, an eternal concept; does he merely paint a hand—then the more it suggests to us the archetypal hand the more beautiful it will be. And here we see the true significance of genius. It is the ability of the human soul to come into touch with the World of Ideas. But it is not the artist alone who is a genius; the philosopher with his broad generalisations, the pure-hearted saint in his lofty contemplation, the lover who through human loves rises to one divine, all live in a realm where “eternity affirms the conception of an hour,” for genius “is the power of giving expression to the unexhausted forms of creation potentially existing in the mind of the Creator”.

The true function of Art is to put us in touch with archetypal concepts, and true art in reality does so. Sculpture tells us of grace, that “proper relation of the acting person with the action,” and reveals to us the “idea” of the figure. Painting shows us more the character of the mind, and depicting passions and emotions shows the soul in its alternations between willing and knowing; historical painting, again, through particular individuals, that have helped the race by the nobility of their conduct, suggests to us types of men and women; portrait painting, though



there may be a faithfulness in portraying a living individual, is yet only great when through the person on the canvas a type can be suggested or hinted at, sometimes merely the particular manifestation of an archetype in humanity. In painting, landscape painting perhaps brings us nearer to the world of ideas through the beauties of nature. It may be the simple picture of a sunset, but the artist will be great if, through the harmony of light and colour, he can suggest to our intuition the "archetypal sunset" with its many more dimensions than we can cognise now. With paintings of seas and mountains, lakes and dells, he can teach us to see Nature as she is, as the Mirror of the Divine Mind.

Poetry has much in common with sculpture and painting. It deals with concepts, depicting them with the music of words, with metre and rhythm as a veil to awaken our deeper intuitions to penetrate behind. The true poet reflects the archetypal ideas in the mirror of his own experience, real or imaginary. He looks on the world, and his genius enables him to see the reflections of the archetype around him, and he tells us of joy and sorrow, hope and despair, typical and universal, in the hearts of all men, he gives us the abiding truths which so often vanish in the critical analysis of the lower mind. In epic poetry, the poet shows the heroes of antiquity as types of men, and a Ulysses or a King Arthur, moving about with an atmosphere of his own, makes us dimly feel

that there must be and there will be always such men in our midst. In lyric poetry, the poet becoming himself a mirror to reflect typical emotions in others, feeling them as it were, himself, sings of men as he sees them with those "larger, other eyes" than ours.

No branch of Art, perhaps, except Music, can help man to rise to higher levels than the Drama. For the drama shows the inner conflict in man. The true dramatist fastens on fleeting reflections of archetypes in humanity, materialises them, and then on the stage makes them live; and through these types he sounds for us the deep notes in humanity—the pain that is not uttered, the temptations that beset men, their failures and successes, the destiny that makes effect follow inexorably upon cause, and the purification of the human soul through self-sacrifice. For a few hours we are to forget ourselves, and, like the gods, watch mankind in its struggles. We contemplate life, impartially and impersonally, through these types on the stage, and begin to understand life as it is, and not as we think it is. And as before, the nearer the dramatist in his creation comes to types in humanity, the greater he is. The types of men and women in *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, those that the prolific genius of *Shakespeare* has created for us, *Tannhäuser*, *Wotan*, *Brunnhilde*, *Siegfried*, *Amfortas*, *Kundry* and *Parsifal* from the mind of *Wagner*—all these are ever in humanity; and our knowledge of them gives us a larger view of life.

Through watching their experiences, too, we anticipate experiences for ourselves, thus hastening evolution and passing on swifter to the goal. Looking at the world through the eyes of the dramatist, we may ourselves become "serene creators of immortal things".

With architecture and music we come, as in landscape painting, to the more impersonal manifestations of Art. Architecture and music are closely allied, and the description of architecture as "frozen music," shows us the relation. For architecture is harmony in space as music is harmony in time. A great work of architecture is like a musical thought-form that descends from on high and becomes materialised in stone. It puts us in touch with the realm of Ideas by telling us the laws of proportion—visible not only in the one building alone but also in the whole universe—by giving us concepts of gravity, rigidity, rhythm, harmony, by making us understand "the bass notes of nature".

But what shall be said of the greatest of all the arts—Music? In ways not possible to other branches of Art, music makes us feel our immortality. It tell us of the archetypal world directly, of things of that world without their veils; tells of sorrow, not mine or yours, but Sorrow itself—God's Sorrow, if you will; of love, not mine or yours, not of this individual or that, but love of Love; for music is the soul of Art and talks to us with the language of God.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the  
 weal and woe.

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;  
 The rest may reason and welcome 'tis we  
 musicians know

True art, then, will always call forth a response in man from the higher intuition, the Buddhi, whose heritage is the archetypal world. It will always suggest something of the world of Ideas. Art, from this standpoint, is always didactic, can never be anything else. It does not necessarily teach us our known ideas of ethics; but it will always show to our intuitions how to look at man and the world from the standpoint of God, that is, in their true relations. It will teach us to "cast out the self," the true aim of Ethics, Religion and Philosophy. Art, then, is a means for the quickening of the Buddhi, whence come swift generalisations from within of the meaning of life's activities, and the hastening of evolution.

Art can help the evolution of man in another way. Sooner or later in the endless life of the growing soul, there comes a time when an inner change takes place within him; life loses its old attractions for him, and he seeks for something more abiding than the world can offer him. He has come to the end of the "Path of Out-going" and begins to tread the "Path of Return." There is the "reversal of motives," and he yearns for things eternal. If he has in his previous lives loved beautiful things, not

merely through the senses, but rather through his intuitions, then, slowly, without violent transitions and without deep inner struggles, he passes from his life of worldliness, and enters upon the higher way. For the higher path is not so radically different from that lower where it was pleasant to live and love beautiful things; the higher is but the lower transformed into one of absolute beauty and happiness, without the dross of mortality that made all things lovable transient so that they fell short of our desire. Truly it might be said of the new life of eternal beauty,

I plucked a rose, and lo! it had no thorn

Further as the man grows to his fuller life through Art, he grows from within, as the flower grows, and there is a harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul, not losing in breadth what he gains in intensity. He grows to be a harmonious and "musical" soul. He treads, swiftly as surely,

the Middle Road, whose Course  
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothies.

No longer a creature vacillating between changing "moods," his key-note of character now will be Sophrosyne, sound-mindedness, health of heart; and through love of the sciences and fair philosophies, he learns how to blend all human feelings and thoughts "into an immortal feature of perfection".

But more wonderful than all these is the vision he gains of the divine Plan; he becomes a knower of the

inner nature of things ; he feels and thinks archetypal, the truly "ideal," emotions and thoughts. Through them he sees in what ways he can become a co-worker with God, how he may be God's messenger on earth to tell of Heaven. A greater happiness than this is not possible to any man, and it is this that comes to him through Art.

Yet Art is not the end. Man has in him a more God-like aspect than intuition ; it is *Ātmā*, Spirit. Through the exercise of intuition Spirit will reveal itself, and what Art is to the dreary view of life of the unevolved man, so will the Spirit-aspect of life be to Art. Of this we know nothing ; and yet do we perhaps discern a reflection of that undreamed-of view of life in the lives of a Buddha and a Christ ? Has not every utterance from them an archetypal character, flashing forth into many meanings in our minds ? Do they not seem to live a life that is a symbol, every event of their lives being, as it were, a symbol of some deep living truth in the Eternal Mind of the Most High ? Is it not to this new aspect of life that Art itself is but the threshold ?

Who but the greatest of artists can tell us of that glory that shall be revealed ? Yet, till we come to that day, we have Art to guide us on our way. " *Die Kunst, O Mensch, hast du allein* "—Art that shall lead a man's feelings and not follow them, that shall make him free-willing, in the image of his Maker. For Art is life at its intensest, and reveals the beauty

and worth of all human activities, and yet it shall be the mission of Art, now and for ever, to show men that Life, even in all its fullness, is like "a dome of many-coloured glass," reflecting but broken gleams of "the white radiance of Eternity".

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